METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

FAUST:

A DRAMATIC POEM, FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE, ILLUS-

A NEW AND ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.

DEDICATION.

FLOATING images! again ye hover near,
Who early thro' my tearful eye did shine;
Ah! give me fair hope this time to hold thee here,
And let my heart before each form incline.
Ye crowd around me! pursue your honest will,
And lead my darkened spirit into light;
My bosom youthful visions conceals still,
At the spell-breathing of your cherished sight.

Ye bear with ye the scenes of a happier day,
And many treasured shadows long since past;
Like the burden of some old, half-vanished lay,
First-love and friendship ye to memory cast—
Renew the pain, retrace the sorrowing line
Of life's labyrinthine, varying course,
And call o'er those friends, who, in an hour benign,
From joy and me were torn by grim death's force.

They cannot hear, nor taste the following song,
Those souls for whom I erst did strike the lyre;
"Dust unto dust," and far hence the friendly throng,
Silent, alas! who first inspired me fire.

May, 1850.—vol. LVIII.—No. CCXXIX.

My verses sing to a strange and unknown crowd,
Whose plaudits e'en with grief my heart have bow'd,
And those who once were gladdened by my lay,
If such there be, in the wide world elsewhere do stray.

And now a deep, unwonted longing moves me;
That calm and solemn phantom-realm to near;
'Tis swelling now, in varying melody,
The trembling chords, like Æol's harp, appear,
A shudder passes o'er me, tear follows tear,
My manly heart unnerves itself through fear;
The forms I daily see become ideal,
And the undefined supplants in form the real.*

Prelude in the Theatre.

MANAGER .- DRAMATIC POET .- MR. MERRYMAN.

MANAGER.

You both, who in need and tribulation,
Have served me in true friendship's honoured guise;
Tell me what you think the German nation
Will say of this our novel enterprise?
To please the public is my heart's desire,
"Live and let live," they cry at very least;
The scenes are set, arranged is every wire,
And every one expects a mental feast.
They're entering now, assembled now they sit,
And every eyebrow's lifted in the pit.
I know how to cater for the public taste,
But in such like strait I ne'er before was placed;

The first part of "Faust" was commenced early in life—about 1769, it is supposed, and was published in 1775. The second part in 1831.

[•] Goethe sent the first part of "Faust" into the world without other prefaratory remarks than these. His Dedication, however, is more significant than those which usually grace poems; and more explanatory than many prefaces. We gather that the poem was composed in parts, had been often laid aside, and as often resumed; and it is easy to imagine that many of the poet's friends, who had been interested and charmed by the opening pages, in the interval through which the work, from its commencement to its conclusion, extended, as the poet expresses it—

[&]quot;From joy and me were torn by grim death's force."

They are not used to see the best, 'tis true;
But then they've read so many books, 'tis plain
That we can show them nothing fresh or new,
Nor hope their sympathies to entertain.
It does me good to see the people strive,
And like a torrent pour into our booth;
With thump and kick, which show them all alive,
Regardless e'en of either eye or tooth,
As if they were before fair Mercy's wicket,
They through the narrow entrance passage rush,
Long before four, to buy each one his ticket,
Just as the famished round a baker's crush.
My friend the poet—'tis thy genius proud
And high which agitates this motley crowd.

POET.

Oh! tell me not of that great and living tide, For inspiration quits me at its sight; That eager, hurrying crowd from my vision hide, Against my will they call on me to-night. No! lead me to some calm and heavenly vale, Where joy to the poet blooms divinely clear— Where love and friendship with beaming eyes do hail The suffering heart, and dissipate its fear. Ah! thoughts sprung from the bosom of the soul, That from the trembling lip in beauty fell, Successful now—in hisses now they roll, A moment's whim hath sent them all to hell. And this, when after years of toil alone The perfect piece is brought upon the stage! A light thing may, for a time, become the rage To endure for aye requires a grander tone.

MR. MERRYMAN.

Those future ages I shall never see;
If, from posterity applause I court,
Pray tell me who will furnish present sport?
It's wanted, and the task devolves on me.
To have one's audience from the ranks of fashion
Is, methinks, nought to put one in a passion!
He who strives hard to please, and does his best,
The good-tempered audience is sure to win;
They ring applause with such a hearty zest,
He stretches every nerve to make them grin.

Therefore, take courage, and put forth your powers, Besiege fair Fancy in her ærial towers, With Passion, Reason, Wit, and Melancholy, And, above all, forget not goddess Folly!

MANAGER.

But especially give enough of action!
They pay to see, so give them satisfaction.
Weave grand and fairy scenes to captivate their eyes,
With bottle-imps, and giants of no end of size;
Then in their estimation you are sure to rise,
For shaping the drama in such a pleasing guise.
To please many you must give good measure,
When each finds something which gives him pleasure.
Who gives them much, the many will repay
By patronising him another day!
Such a ragoût you must quickly hash:
'Tis a light dish, and therefore needs small thought.
Your finished whole is not the thing that's sought,
To hazard that, in faith, we should be rash.*

POET.

The meanness of this task you cannot find! How humbling 'tis to the artist's mind! To pander to a despicable whim, Because its public, seems to be your maxim.

MANAGER.

Such a reproach gives me but little grief;
A man to labour well, its my belief,
Should use the tools that best befit his task.
Reflect, you have but tender logs to cleave,
And yet a classic plot like this you weave!
If one relief from ennui comes to ask—
Another, gorged with feasting, comes again;
A third, the worst of all to entertain,
A snarling critic of some magazine.
Towards our booth they hurry o'er the green,

^{*} This speech of the Manager rives us a key to the plan of construction and mode of treatment adopted by the poet, in "Faust." His aim was to delineate every phase in life—not as a finished whole, but in parts; each of which, taken separately, can be understood; whereas, taken collectively, they serve but to puzzle the student, and confound alike critics and commentators.

As to a masque, joy urging each one's speed; The ladies, too, they don their finest clothes, And gratis hither they the fashion lead. What do you dream in your poetic pride? Think you to lead an audience by the nose? Examine what you call this living tide! One half are raw, the others cold as ice. One fellow's thinking of a game at dice, One of a night spent in debauch and feasts. Why court for such a set of sensual beasts The loftiest soaring of thy friendly muse?* I tell you, give enough—still more, and more— And, there's no doubt, the audience you'll amuse; Keep the male portion in a constant roar, And through distraction you their cheers will gain: Why, what affects you? Ectasy, or pain?

POET.

Go hence, and elsewhere seek some fitter slave! Say! shall the poet trifle thus away The highest gift that nature ever gave, The birthright of mankind, to earn thy pay? Whence comes his power, the heart of man to melt? Whence, that through All, his conquering breath is felt? Is it not the unison from out his bosom swelling, That, outcast by the world, in his heart finds a dwelling? When dame Nature, tangling alike to all, Doth wind life's thread around the mystic ball, When the discordant mass of human mind Clashes itself, nor harmony can find— Who is 't makes the unvarying course of life With bright gleams of hope and joy run gladly on? Who bids MAN to its general consecration? Who, to the sound of sweet harmony, dost give

^{*} A more faithful, and, spite of its ludicrous touches, a more painful picture of the miseries and mortifications incident to the vocation in question (the theatrical profession), can scarcely be found, than in the following letter of advice given by him (Theodore Hook) in the "John Ball," many years after his own connection with the drama had ceased.

[&]quot;... I am encored by some few boys in the gallery, who have paid sixpence a-piece for their privilege. The decent part of the audience dissent from the repetition, and I stand bowing humbly to the 'liberal and enlightened public,'—a set of senseless brutes, whose tastes I despise, and for whose intellect I have the most unqualified contempt."—Life and Remains of Theodore Hook, vol. i. page 43.

Scope to the tempest's roar in measured lay?
On HER beloved steps who is it showers
The earliest gift of seasons—spring's first flowers?
Who binds the hero's brow with wreath of bay?
Who climbs Olympus? Who makes the gods his goal?
The power now mirrored in the poet's soul.

MR. MERRYMAN.

He should draw then on his loveliest powers Depict his fairies,—their dress and bowers, As is the fashion in all love affairs. By merest chance they meet, salute, remain— And every word a warmer passion wears. Love increases—the lady weds the swain— Rapture first, then coldness; and like a trance, Ere you know what, you've written a romance. Now, my worthy sir, give us such a play! Seize as your theme the life of every day! It always takes, though no one knows the reason, It's always fresh, though acted every season. Give lots of scenes—of sentiment a dash— Of truth much—sarcasm too—of wit a flash: Mix well the whole, and you'll brew a potion, 'Twill put every smile and tear in motion. Thus you will gain the youthful and the feeling, With rounds of cheers to ring the very ceiling; Thus will you waken every tender heart That in romantic suffering loves a part, And thus will you stimulate each one's mind The secret errors of his heart to find. Now they are ready alike to laugh or cry, Now they admire the wit, now the poetry: To the old, nothing is right—all is wrong; 'Tis to youth, that poets' thanks belong.

POET.

Then give me back those days of yore,
With the rich bloom of youth I wore,
When lovely fancy's motley throng,
Found language in a gush of song;
When the loud world was covered with a veil,
And every bud bespoke some wond'rous tale
When in the laughing meads I gathered flowers,
And every dale told nature's bounteous powers.

I had contentment, and the fear of God;
I thirsted after truth, and hated fraud.
To every impulse gave unbounded rein,
And drank of joy intense, almost like pain,
The strength of hate, the mighty power of love—
Give me my youth,—that blessing from above!

MR. MERRYMAN.

Youth, my good friend, I own is very well, When you're engaged in the field of battle, Or when your neck supports some pretty girl, Who's courting you with her kiss and prattle; When, in a running match you'll seek renown, A pair of youthful lungs will gain the crown; And when, after a furious waltz, you think To finish off the night in smoke and drink: But you need only strive with will and grace, And o'er the well-known strings your fingers trace, Giving your native genius boundless play To shape itself in either prose or lay. This, old gentleman, seems to me your part, Which I now tell you from my very heart. Age makes not *childish* as the sages guess, But shows us children in another dress.

MANAGER.

We've disputed more than the subject needs, Suppose we turn it now from words to deeds, Instead of wasting compliments and time. Why talk of plots, and poetry sublime? Begin a verse, and through its feet you'll wend, With inspiration guiding as a friend; And you may follow onwards till you're tired. Come! you know well what's wanted—what's required ;— An honest, strong, and well concocted drink: Brew this upon the spot, without delay! If not, the reasons of to-day you'll think Good to-morrow, and so from day to day Till resolution altogether fails. So seize the moment,—boldly spread your sails, And, while it's in your favour, catch the gale, And it will waft you onwards without fail.

Upon our German boards each one, you know, May bring out what he pleases—high or low; Therefore, bring the machinery into play,
Spare neither scenes nor carpenters to-day,
Make use of both the great and lesser sky-piece,
And for the stars, they'll turn quite smooth with grease;
Birds, beasts, and fishes too; rocks, water, fire,
Are at your call, should inspiration tire.
Display upon the stage the whole creation;
The products, dress, and style of every nation;
And travel swift as wondering eye can tell,
From Heaven, through our world, to damned Hell.

Prologue in Heaven.

GOD.—THE HEAVENLY HOSTS.—MEPHISTOPHELES IN THE BACK GROUND.

The Three Archangels come forward.

RAPHAEL.

The sun chaunts as of ancient days
With kindred spheres in turn the song,*
And his predestined march obeys,
As he in thunder stalks along.
Their survey gives the angels power,
Though none their end have understood;
And they, as in the world's first hour,
Confirm the word, "'tis very good."

GABRIEL.

Swift around—yea, swift as thought can range— The blooming earth doth wing its flight; Its light alternately doth change, From paradise, to shades of night.

* "We that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry choir;
Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years."
MILTON'S Comus.

[&]quot;The morning stars sang together."-Job, ch. xxxviii. v. 7.

Faust.

The ocean roars, and wears a foaming crest, And beats the rocks with giant force; And rock and sea are hurried, like the rest, Into the planets' endless course.

MICHAEL.

And storms in contention howl amain,
From land to sea, from sea to land;
And in their lashing proclaim a chain
Of deepest agency at hand.
Behold the direful lightning's waste,
As shot by thunder's rapid aim,
While with Thee, Lord, Thy servants taste,*
Th' ecstatic bliss which marks Thy name.

TRIO.

Their survey gives the angels power,
Though none THINE end have understood;
And they, as in the world's first hour,
Confirm THY word, "'tis very good."

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since thou, O Lord, dost once more visit here, Word of the present state of things to gain; And since thou'st ever wished me to appear, I therefore mingle 'mong thy courtier train. Forgive me, if I cannot frame high speech, Or if I am mocked at by the assembled troop; Pathos from me would only smiles beseech,— To bending of the knee I cannot stoop. Of suns and planets have I nought to say, To vex mankind 's my chief occupation. The little god of earth remains to-day The same as found him at the great creation. A trifle better would his life have been, Had light of Heaven from his reach been put; He calls it Reason, and its good is seen In lowering him beneath the very brute. He seems to me, if the speech be proper, In thy presence, like a lank grasshopper,

^{*} It is a common error to suppose that the angels of heaven are here meant. Goethe never wrote a line without a purpose; and this would be a terrible non sequiter. Deine Boten, in the original, signify servants, i. e. messengers; and thunder and lightning are often referred to as the messengers of the Lord.—See Psalm civ. v. 4, etc.

Which, as he skips along, with cadence springs To the same chirp, as in the grass he sings. Well were it from the grass he never rose! In every passing filth he rubs his nose.

THE MOST HIGH.

Hast thou no more than this to tell?
Is it to whine thou com'st from Hell?
Is there nothing on earth that's well?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nothing, O Lord! I find it full of cant,— Called repentance; which, I much grieve to say, Has stolen more than half my power away.

THE MOST HIGH.

Dost thou know Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah! the Doctor?

THE MOST HIGH.

My servant!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Forsooth! he serves thee in a certain wise, Nor wears the food of fools, an early guise. The bread and water in his brain ferment; His phrensy only shows him half that's meant; Of Heaven he supplicates its highest star, Of Earth its highest joy to be possess'd, The riches of the world, both near and far, And yet contentment enters not his breast.

THE MOST HIGH.

If he but worship me in darkness now,
Then surely will I bring his soul to light.
When buds first bloom, then doth the gardener know
That verdant spring unfolds its hidden might.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What wager you that you don't lose him yet? If I could only now your sanction get, I'd undertake, in time, to win the bet.

THE MOST HIGH.

As long as he on earth doth live So long may you temptation give. "Frail man is as an empty sieve."

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am content; I never joined Death's freaks. What suit me best are young and rosy cheeks. A loathsome corpse ne'er entered yet my house; Like cats, I love a brisk and bonnie mouse.

THE MOST HIGH.

Be it permitted, that you try to guile
This spirit; and with sleek, insidious wile,
Suck him with thee into the burning pit,—
Till, baffled on all sides, thou shalt admit,
A righteous man, though clouded be his soul,
Knows which road leads him to his heavenly goal.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Very good! you'll see I'll not regret,
In fact, I've not a doubt about the bet!
Oh! if I only come to bag the game,
How my poor bosom will with victory swell.
Dust shall he eat, with pleasure too—the same
As the famous snake—first-cousin to Hell!

THE MOST EIGH.

I am content that you shall here appear,
Because folk like you further my high will.
Of all the fallen spirits that draw near,
The scoffer weighs the least upon man still.
Th' activity of man would soon relax,—
He likes a long and slumbering repose,—
Did I not send some sore and dangerous tax,
Like you, to rouse him with your hell-wrought blows.

12 Faust.

But ye, true sons of God, high angels bright,
Bask ever in the sunshine of the light!
The Great Being, from whom comes breath of life,
Encloses ye within these heavenly bounds,
And strengthens, with fair memory's thoughts, the sounds
That swell around the mind with mystery rife.

(Heaven closes, the Archangels disperse).

MEPHISTOPHELES (SOLUS).

'Tis every now and then I visit here,— And then I'm cautious what I tell his ear. Now, I protest, it is extremely civil In one like him to listen to the devil!*

* Much objection has been raised to the prologue, both here and in Germany, on the score of its immorality; "and even the clever Madame de Staël," said Goethe, "was greatly scandalised that I kept the devil in such good humour, in the presence of God the Father. She insisted upon it that he ought to be more grim and spiteful." This was a mere matter of taste, or opinion, and showed the different ideas entertained by the authoress of "Delphine," and our poet, of his Satanic Majesty. Goethe calls him the scoffer (der schalk—a word, by the way, to which our language affords no exact synonyme); and in this conception he sustains the character throughout. There are not a few who complain "with hysterical horror" of the blasphemy of the prologue, and who attach Goethe as an atheist; and their pious objections call to our mind, at this moment, so forcibly a scene from "Woodstock," that we cannot refrain from quoting a portion of it:—

Trusty Tomkins, the independent soldier, loquiter:—"Verily, I say, that since the devil fell from heaven, he never lacked agents on earth: yet nowhere hath he met with a wizard having such infinite power over men's souls, as this pestilent fellow, Shakspeare. Seeks a wife a foul example for adultery, here she shall find it. Would a man know how to train his fellow to be a murderer, here shall he find tutoring. Would a lady marry a heathen negro, she shall have chronicled example for it. Would any one scorn at his Maker, he shall be furnished with a jest in this book. Away with him, away with him, men of England! to Tophet with his wicked book, and to the vale

of Hinnom with his accursed bones!"

We will conclude our remarks on this subject, with another extract from the pen of a writer whom it would be idle to tax with levity in religious matters—Charles Lamb; and whose words will, we feel assured, convince every unbigoted and dispassionate mind, that Goethe's purpose was a good one:—
"But the holiest minds have sometimes not thought it reprehensible to counterfeit impiety in the person of another, to bring vice upon the stage speaking her own dialect; and, themselves being armed with an unction of self-confident impunity, have not scrupled to handle and touch that familiarly which would be death to others. Milton, in the person of Satan, has started speculations hardier than any which the feeble armoury of the atheist ever furnished; and the precise, straight-laced Richardson has strengthened Vice, from the mouth of Lovelace, with entangling sophistries and abstruse pleas, against her adversary Virtue, which Sedley, Villiers, and Rochester wanted depth of libertinism enough to have invented."

THE TRAGEDY.

PART THE FIRST.

NIGHT.

A high-arched, narrow, Gothic chamber. Faust is discovered at his desk, restless.

FAUST.

Alas! I have essayed philosophy,*
Law, medicine, and—with grief—theology,
Following each branch in its peculiar school,—
Yet here behold I stand a very fool!
And find myself no wiser at the last;
But styled a master, or 'mong doctors class'd,†

* This word "essay'd," I have pillaged from Byron: as, in the opening lines of "Manfred," we find:—

"Philosophy and science, and the springs Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world, I have essay'd ——."

But "cucullus non facet monachum;" and as it is pretty evident that Byron himself was embued with the spirit of Goethe, or had the measures of "Faust" ringing in his mind, when he undertook "Manfred," we may be excused appropriating one of his expressions here. Goethe, in his "Kunst und Alterthum," has the following about "Manfred:"—"Byron's tragedy was to me a wonderful phenomenon, and one that closely touched me. This singularly intellectual poet has taken my 'Faust' to himself, and extracted from it the strongest nourishment for his hypochondriac humour. He has made use of the impelling principles in his own way, for his own purposes, so that no one of them remains the same; and it is particularly on this account that I cannot enough admire his genius. The whole is in this way so completely formed anew, that it would be an interesting task for the critic to point out, not only the alteration he has made, but their degree of resemblance with, or dissimilarity to, the original: in the course of which, I cannot deny that the gloomy heat of an unbounded and exuberant despair becomes at last oppressive to us. Yet is the dissatisfaction we feel always connected with esteem and admiration."

† Heisse Doctor gar is, I feel, inadequately expressed here. It contains the quintessence of sarcasm and irony. "Faust" has the most utter contempt for

And this, while ten years past have seen me guide My scholars by the nose, both far and wide— And now to find that I can nothing learn! It irritates my heart, and makes it burn. I am wiser far, and cleverer too, Than doctors, masters, authors, and fat priests, And all the rest of that pedantic crew: I have ever been a guest at learning's feasts— In knotty points and doubts I love to revel. I have no fear of either hell or devil,— But I have lost the rays of joy's calm light, My mind is swayed by thoughts as dark as night; Instead of guide, as once I dreamt—I find That I, the least of all, should teach mankind. Nor have I either wealth or honour got, No dog could live on such a cruel lot! To magic, therefore, have I turned at length, Mystery to probe through spirit-lips and strength; That I no more need strive with labour vain To teach man what I can't myself explain: That I may know the treasures of the earth,-Its inmost realms—to watch a seed give birth To stately trees—to trace a vein of ore— And never pore o'er words or volumes more.

Oh! would that thou, full moon so clear,
Shone for the last time on me here,—
Here, at this desk, where oft thy light
I have welcomed in the still midnight:
When o'er old tomes and scrolls I have weigh'd,
Sad, pensive friend, thou'dst lend thy aid!
Oh! would that on some mountain height
Thy beams could waft me as a sprite;
My steps within some cavern lead,
Or float me o'er some silky mead,
And bathe me in thy dew so rare
To dissipate my load of care.

the titles and degrees of colleges. Burton, of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," speaking through Charles Lamb, has a passage which may illustrate this. He says:—"Men sitting in the doctor's chair, we marvel how they got there, being homines intellectús pulverulenti, as Trincanellius notes; they care not, so they may raise a dust to smother the eyes of their oppugners; homines parvulissimi, as Lemnius, whom Alcium herein taxeth of a crude Latinism; dwarfs, minims, the least little men, these spend their time, and it is odds but they lose their time and wits too into the bargain, chasing of nimble and retring Truth. Truth is no Doctoresse, she takes no degrees at Paris or Oxford, amongst great clerks, disputants; subtile Aristotle's men, nodosi ingenii, able to take Sully by the chin."

Woe's me! and am I even fast
Cooped in this clammy, cursed jail?
Where heaven's light steals in aghast,
And streaks the panes with flickering pale;
Confined within a motley crew
Of worm-eaten, dusty volumes too?
See! e'en the walls above, around,
Are with a smoke-drawn paper bound;
Instruments, glasses, boxes jamm'd,
Within this dismal study cramm'd,
Without a thought of order hurl'd—
This is thy world—indeed a world!

And dost thou ask, why throbs the heart Within thee with quick, fearful start? Why a strange pain joins in the strife To wean thee from the love of life? Instead of living Nature fair Which th' Almighty gave to man, Thou choos'st to haunt this murky lair, And live 'mong bones and spectres wan.

Come! come! away to wider land!
This rare and mystic volume penn'd
By Nostradamus' proper hand,
Shall it not guide thee as a friend?
Then may'st thou trace the planet's course;
And when thou'st found the secret source
Which only Nature's self can teach,
Thy mind shall swell with giant force,
And thine shall be the spirit-speech.
By thought alone the signs in vain
Their hidden meaning can explain:
Ye spirits, who are floating by,
O answer, if ye hear my cry!

(He opens the book, and discovers the sign of the macrocosm).

Ah! what rapture, what intoxicating bliss, Floods of a sudden every sense at sight of this! Fresh glowing through my every pulse and vein I feel my youth and all its hopes again. Was it a God who wrote the sign, That bids my troubled soul to rest, With joy doth fill my heart opprest, And with a spell almost divine,

The power of Nature to my gaze invite?

Am I a God? I feel so wise!

All Nature 'fore my vision lies,—

Her secret wonders,—at this burst of light.

The sage's words are plain now to my sight:—

"The spirit-world hath neither bar nor stay;

Thy faith is false, thy heart is dead!

Up, scholar, up,—and bathe without delay

Thy earthly breast in morning red!"

(He continues intent upon the sign).

How the forms of all that breathe
With each other twist and weave!
How heaven's angels round and round
Raise golden buckets from the ground!*
With a blissful motion breathing,
From the earth to heaven up-heaving,
Harmony 'mong all ent-weaving!

What a vision! But a vision, alas!
Endless nature! how can I encompass?
Thy bosom, where?—living fountain—
Source of all 'tween heaven and earth—
Whence the griev'd soul regains his mirth—
Dost flow thy stream for me in vain?

(Whilst impatiently turning over the leaves of the volume, he falls upon the sign of the Spirit of the Earth).

With what a different tone I read this sign!
Thou, Spirit of the Earth, to me art more akin;
Already do I feel my powers increased within,
Already do I glow as fresh with wine;—
To battle with the world I feel the heart,
And in its cares and joys to take a part,—
Where roars the lashing storm, there perils seek,
And face grim Shipwreck with unblanched cheek.

Clouds are gathering round,— The moon withdraws her ray,— Damp rises from the ground,— The lamp expires away!

^{*} This passage is one of the very many upon which commentators differ. My own opinion is, that the dependence of all earthly things upon one another, is here sought to be represented. That extremes touch. That Youth and Age, Day and Night, the Past and the Present, are all allied. In the "Parabeln und Räthsel," of Schiller, No. 5, we find—"Up and down two buckets ply," etc., etc., the solution of which is clearly my interpretation of the above passage.

Streaks of ruddy light quiver round my brow—A chill of horror seems to float
From yonder vaulted roof—it has me now!
Ah! I know thee—'tis thou, that wrote!—

Spirit of the Spell— From heaven or from hell? Throw off disguise, And meet mine eyes!

Ha! what warring passions rend my breast, And with what strange thoughts my brain's opprest! I feel thee gain my heart amid the strife! Thou must! thou must! e'en should it cost my life!

(He seizes the volume, and pronounces the sign of the Spirit mysteriously. A red flame is seen flickering round, and in the flame the Spirit appears.)

SPIRIT.

Who calls me?

FAUST, (recoiling).

O fearful sight!

SPIRIT.

Thou hast conjured me to appear, Hast dragged me from a distant sphere, And now——

FAUST.

I tremble with affright.

SPIRIT.

With what entreaty didst thou call me near,
My countenance to see, my voice to hear;
Thy earnest longing roused me from my rest,
And here I am!—What miserable dread,
Thou more than man, hath in thy bosom spread!
Where is thy glowing passion?—Where the breast,
Which was a world itself, and which with pride
With spirits e'en like us in action vied?
Where art thou, Faust? Thou, whose bold voice with
mine,

In close embrace to mystery did incline?

May, 1850.—vol. LVIII.—No. CCXLIX.

Art thou this worm, that shudders at my breath, Abject and pale, as if at door of death?

FAUST.

Shall I grow faint before thee, form of flame? I am Faust—thine equal—am still the same!

SPIRIT.

In the currents of life—in the tempest of action,

Up and down I go,

Wandering to and fro!

Birth and the grave,

A restless wave,

A changing strife,

A glowing life—

Thus do I push the clattering loom of time, And weave the living mantle of Great God sublime.

FAUST.

Thou who encompasseth broad land and sea, Restless spirit, how like I feel to thee! -

SPIRIT.

Like, rather, to the spirits of thine own creation,—Not me!

(Vanishes)

FAUST.

Not thee?
Whom then?
Fashioned like the Deity,
Yet unmeet for thee! (A knock.)
'Sdeath! I know it well,—'tis my pupil come—
He mars the rarest bit of luck I have had!
To see my spirits vanish strikes me dumb,—
And by a dolt like this—a slinking lad!

(Enter Wayner, in his dressing-gown and night-cap, with a lamp in his hand. Faust turns round, angrily.)

WAGNER.

Forgive me! but I heard you were declaiming; 'Twas some Greek tragedy I have little doubt. In this same art I need some farther training, For, now-a-days one can't succeed without.

I have often heard it said, at least, An actor might instruct a priest.

FAUST

Yes; when your priest himself turns player; A circumstance by no means rare.

WAGNER.

Oh! if a man shuts himself up with his books, And, save on holydays, ne'er sees mankind; But through a telescope from a distance looks, How can his eloquence persuade their mind?

PAUST.

If it doth not issue from the inmost heart,
Or from the bosom of the soul,
And with delight triumphant roll,
Vanquishing the audience in every part;
—
In vain you strive! You may hash a dish,
Indeed, from a past feast's remains,
And from your heap of ashes—brains
They're called—blow sparks to each man's wish!
And, if well cooked, your borrowed thoughts and shapes
Become admired of gaping boys and apes!
Yet hearts you'll never stir by joy or woe,
If from the soul your images not flow.

WAGNER.

In good delivery the speaker's success lies: I have it not; but 'tis a gift I prize.

FAUST.

Ay, were it genuine fame he sought,
And not a fool's—like tinkling bell!—
Reason and deep feeling need not
The stroller's art to converse well;
For when in earnest you declaim,
What need you search for word or name?—
Yes—your set speeches with their robe of gloss,
In which you curl out thoughts as poor as dross,
Are unrefreshing as the wind that heaves
And moans in autumn 'mong the withered leaves.

WAGNER.

O God, how long is art to gain!
While life is short and on the wane.
How often have I searched for lore with pain,
While fears have shot athwart my heart and brain.
How difficult it is to mount
The path which leads to wisdom's fount!
And ere the half-way stone we travel,
Must yield to death, a miserable devil!

FAUST.

Is parchment, then, the holy spring
Whose waters slake the thirst within?
To be refreshed by knowledge, it must roll
From the calm bosom of its own deep soul.

WAGNER.

Forgive me! but 'tis a joyous task to dwell
With the spirits of the past, and hear the tales they tell;
To study how a wise man thought in times gone by,
And how we have now outstripped them all in knowledge
high.

FAUST.

O yes, high even as the stars!

The book of olden times, my friend, hath bolts and bars, With the mark of seven seals set on its pages;

While that you call the spirit of past ages,

Is but the spirit of the men collected,

Through which those ages are themselves reflected.

It is, indeed, full oft a work of toil;

Its very aspect makes me e'en recoil.

A lumber-room—a tub of shavings—

At very best a state or royal writ,

With excellent, pragmatic sayings,

Like those which seem for puppet-shows most fit,

WAGNER.

But the world,—man's heart,—man's mind! Each some knowledge there may find?

FAUST.

Why yes, they call it knowledge, very true! And who may dare 'name the child aright? For those who had a share—a chosen few— Had not the sense to keep it out of sight, But to the world their thoughts must needs reveal,— Those few died either by the cross or stake. Forgive me, friend, apace the night doth steal, Let us break off, and your departure take.

WAGNER.

Ah! how gladly would I till the morning stay, And drink of wisdom from thy learned speech. But to-morrow, as a boon on Easter-day, Give me another lesson, I beseech! To every task with greater zeal I fall; Already I know much—I would know all.

(Exit.) FAUST (alone.)

How rare it is that hope deserts the brain!
This scholar-lad clings to stale points and terms,
With eager hand he diggeth, gold to gain,
And lo! is happy with mere dust and worms!

And such a voice as his here dared to sound, Here, in this room, while spirits were around? Alas! e'en must I thank thee for thy sight, Thou poorest of mankind—thou student wight. Thou snatched'st me from the gulf of blind despair, Which half had choked the senses of the mind. Alas! the vision was so grand—so rare—'Twas as a dwarf before the giant-kind.

I, image of my Maker, dreamt I lay
Beside the mirror of eternal day,—
That beaming truth, with heavenly ray
Did dissipate my earthly clay;
I, more than cherub, gladsome flew
Through nature's veins, and bathed in dew,
Becoming thus immortal too!
For such presumption, how must I atone?
By a thunder-word I have been overthrown.

Myself with thee I dare not mete! True, I conjured thee to appear, But had no power to hold thee here. At first I thought I might compete—I felt so little, yet so great! Thou hurld'st me, shuddering, again

22 Faust.

Into man's abject, fallen state.

Who'll now teach me? From what refrain?

Shall I yield headlong to this fate?

Alas! our life is ne'er without alloy,

Whether we drink of agony or joy.

The noblest, best, man's spirit can attain, Is furthered by some alien sense of gain; When we have this world's goods, we call The better visionary—of no worth. The noble feelings given as with life, all Numb and deaden 'mong the crowd on earth.

If fancy, too, spread wing with grace,
And bold with hope attained the sky,
How limited is now the space,
When joy and fortune withered lie.
Care nestles in the ardent heart,
With racking pain in every part,
Destroying rest and peace of mind;
Each day some novel mask doth find—
Now business, house, now wife, now child—
Now fire and flood—now terrors wild;
Thus before fancies do we quail,
And what were never losses we bewail.

Am I not like the gods? No! I am curst Rather, like the mean worm that eats the dust; Which trails along the ground sans fear or dread,* Poor thing! forgetful of the wanderer's tread.

Is it not dust, this dismal room,
With walls so thick, wherein I sit;
The books, the papers, steeped in gloom,
The scrolls which line this prison-pit?
Shall I search here the balm I ask,
A thousand volumes as my task,
To find that man aye tasted care,
That happiness with him is rare?

Hollow scull what means thy spectral smile? Saith it not thy brain once knew no guile, Like mine, it sought the early morn, The pensive twilight, love of truth;

^{*} The preceding, and more especially this and the following passages of the soliloquy, should be read with great attention. "Faust" is gradually working up his mind to suicide. How his evil thoughts were dissipated, we shall see.

Like mine, by misery was torn?
My instruments mock me, forsooth;
Lo! cog-wheel, cylinder and bow.
I face the door, 'tis you to show
The way; yon crow-bar's mightiest shock,
I tell you, cannot force the lock.
Mysterious in the blaze of day,
Nature pursues her tranquil way;
The veil which spirits dare not raise,
You cannot force with screws and stays.

Old furniture! why here? because,
Tho' useless, it my father's was.
Old roll! long hath it lain the same
In my desk, smok'd by this lamp's flame.
Far better had I spent my wealth,
Small as it was, than kill my health!
What's left thee by thy father—friend—
Or other—use at once, and spend!
That which the moment can employ.
That only doth weak man enjoy.*

Yet, wherefore doth my gaze fix there? This flask a magnet to the eyes? And whence the splendour everywhere, As o'er a wood when moonbeams rise?

I give thee greeting, lonely phial!
Which conjured up dark forms of ghost;
I bow before thy art-like trial.
Essence of all sweet slumber showers,
Spirit of rare, yet deadly powers,
Bestow some favour on thy host!
I gaze on thee—subsides the pain—
I seize thee—and the strife doth wane;
The mystic tide doth ebb away.
From out the sea, on high I rise,
Clear at my feet the mirror lies,
Strange shores I tread to-day.

Lo! a car of fire descending Swiftly to me—impulse lending.

^{*} These last four lines may be variously interpreted. I have studied to translate them *literally* in consequence. Some think that the gift which is left by "sires" or "friends," signifies book-knowledge. I think the gift has a more extensive application.

24

Unknown æreal climes to sight, And spheres of pure activity. O, noble life, endless delight! Thou worm! can'st thou e'en taste this? Resolve to quit the smiling sur, And turn thy back upon the earth! Make bold to force the gates, and run— Outstrip the world in power and mirth. Now is the time by deeds to prove, That man fears not a God above,* Nor quails at sight of that dark cave, Where Fancy's self breeds torturing pain,-But presses thro' where lost souls rave, Mid snakes and flames, like fiery rain; Be firm to-day—and e'en if lost, Why, into nothingness be tost.

And thou, clear crystal goblet, welcome thou! Forgotten in thy antique case till now. In days of yore thou did'st afford Mirth at my father's festal board; Did'st cheer the solemn features up, As guest to guest passed round the cup. In rhyme to praise the goblet's beauty— Its carving—was the drinker's duty. The whole in one long draught to drain: All these call back my youth again. No more 'mong friends the grape juice pass, Nor shew my wit to sing the glass; Here is a drink that boils the blood! Fill high, fill high, the dark brown flood! What I've prepared it serves my mood To quaff. To morn with raptured soul I pledge this high and solemn bowl!+

(He places the goblet to his mouth and is about to drink off the poison, when a sound of bells and voices in chorus is heard, and arrests his hand.)

^{*} The change from these atheistical thoughts to those awakened in the mind of "Faust," on hearing the Easter bells, a few lines farther on, is as striking as happy in conception.

[†] Nothing could have been more finely or appropriately conceived than this passage. "Faust" is half wavering in his act of suicide, when he contemplates the old goblet, which awakens within his breast memories of olden days, and is quite resolved, when the Easter bells pour upon his ear.

(Chorus of Angels.)

Christ hath arisen!
Let all mortals rejoice,
And with ecstacy listen
To the words of that voice,
Which destroys in a breath,
The corruption of death.

FAUST.

What deep-toned sounds, what voices sweet, Force from my lips the cup away? Already peal of bells dost greet
The solemn dawn of Easter-day.
And chorus, ye already chaunt
The Consolation; that pure hymn
Which angels sung on death of Him.
Fresh token of the covenant.

(Chorus of Women.)

In spices most rare,
We friends did embalm him;
And breathing a prayer,
In this grave we laid him.
His head we did bind
In the funeral gear;
But, ah! we can find
Christ no longer here.

(Chorus of Angels.)

Christ hath arisen!
To the men who believed;
And to them who were grieved
A sweet content's achieved,—
Him did they listen!

FAUST.

What seek ye here, ye tones of heaven, So grand, so soft, 'mid dust like this! Where weak men are, your sounds be given; I hear your word, but faith I miss.

Wonder is Faith's beloved child.

Atthose high spheres I dare not aim,

May, 1850.—vol. Lill.—no. ccxlix.

Where angels sing of mercy mild; Yet learning from my youth the same, E'en now they call me back to life; For I did once on sabbath eve-Though now my soul be torn with strife— From heaven a kiss of love receive. The bells with solemn music pealing Made worship then a burning feeling; A mystic sense ran thro' my blood, It bid me roam o'er field and flood, And, with a hot and glistening tear, Confess how much the world was dear. This lay youth's merry sports did ring, Th' elastic joy at dawn of spring. Fond memories make me again A child—my daring steps restrain. O warble forth, ye choirs divine! Tears come.—fair earth, I'm once more thine!

(Chorus of Disciples.)

He who was buried here,
Now reigneth above;
He suffered without fear,
He riseth for love;
O, have faith in the Son,
And redemption's begun!
Alas! here on earth we go,
Wandering over to and fro!
Let then his cross and pain
Lead us to heaven again.

O hear us, Lord Saviour, O hear our loud voice, We call Thee our Master, thy service our choice!

(Chorus of Angels.)

Christ hath arisen, From corruption and grave; He burst from his prison, Joyful to save!

Be constant in prayer, A righteous heart wear, Pure charity bear, False riches beware; Be heaven your care, And you will be there!

MY UNCLE NICHOLAS.

"What would my uncle Nicholas say?" said Arthur Bradley, as he signed his name to a letter he had been writing; "I wonder what my uncle Nicholas would say," and as he repeated the words, he sighed, and threw down the letter with something very like anger. "I wonder what he would say: but he has no right to say anything: I am no longer under his control; and, after all, perhaps he may never know."

"Never known;" ah! what a temptation those little words have often been! they were so in the present instance, as it seemed, for Arthur Bradley's countenance grew brighter, and

the letter was sealed and sent.

Perhaps some of my readers may remember an old play, of which the ever recurring burden is: "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" It has been said, that every one has a Mrs. Grundy, and there is some truth in the observation. Uncle Nicholas might have been called Arthur Bradley's "Mrs. Grundy," but he was much more than that; and it might have been noticed, that Arthur seldom wondered what he would say, except when he must have felt not only from the remembrance of his uncle's opinions, but from the testimony of his own conscience, that he was wrong.

But who was Arthur Bradley? and who was uncle Nicholas? The latter was by far the most important personage of the two,

so I will answer the question relating to him first.

Mr. Nicholas Bradley was an old bachelor—very wealthy; very particular; very fidgetty; very old fashioned; but withal, very honourable, and very kind-hearted. He had resided for more than forty years in a small village, about twenty miles from London. When he first went there, it was considered quite a journey to the metropolis, and some of the inhabitants had never even been there; but the railway had, to his great discomfiture, invaded even this quiet retreat, and now, almost every half hour through the day, trains arrived, bringing and taking away those whom business or pleasure called to London. The character of the place was totally changed; Mr. Bradley said, entirely spoilt—he really must look out for another residence; but he had become from habit much attached to his

present abode, so, though he occasionally complained, he never took any serious steps towards removing. Now, I would not have you think that uncle Nicholas was a grumbler, far from it —he had not only too much good sense, but too much religious feeling; but he was somewhat particular and fidgetty, like most old bachelors, and was often annoyed by the various little disagreeables that the railroad had brought into the neighbourhood. Besides, he had always been used to travel post, and could not imagine what pleasure any one could find in being whirled through the air at the rate of forty miles an hour. Altogether, the railroad was quite the good old gentleman's bête noir. In spite however of its vicinity, his residence was a very delightful one. The house was of the style usually called Gothic, though it would be difficult to discover what claim it possessed to the name; it was however, prettier than the generality of such edifices, and there was something in the character of the scenery immediately surrounding it, that harmonised well with it; and, at the same time, took away from its somewhat fantastic

appearance.

On entering the house for the first time, a visitor could scarcely fail to be struck with an agreeable surprise at the comfort and prettiness, though, at the same time, rather fanciful nature of of its internal arrangements. The door opened into a large hall, carpeted throughout. Antique armour; Indian and American weapons of war; stags, antlers, and other trophies of the chase; and various similar curiosities were disposed against the walls; and in the centre of the room stood a magnificent table, far surpassing any other of the kind that I have ever seen. It was composed of specimens of the rarest Italian marbles, jasper, agates, malachite, &c., arranged with unrivalled taste. Opposite the entrance door was another, leading into the drawing-room, an extremely pretty apartment, with a grained and vaulted ceiling. At one end was what might be almost called a separate room, except that there were no doors between the two. At the end of this smaller room hung a single picture; it was the only one, but few that had once gazed on it could ever forget it. It was one of Titian's masterpieces, and represented a female figure of such entrancing beauty, that the coldest and dullest imagination was haunted by it for long after first seeing it. In a similar spirit there was one solitary piece of sculpture in the house, standing in the recess formed by the deep bay window of the dining room. This, however, was by a modern artist, at that time little appreciated, and whose genius is even now not so well-known to his countrymen as it deserves. however, of my readers may remember a group from "Comus,"

exhibited at the Royal Academy a few years ago, or may call to mind the figure of "Susanna," which all must admit is worthy of its place in the midst of one of the finest collections of pictures in England. But this is a digression, from which we return to the

drawing-room.

At the other end, a window opened into a small, but beautiful conservatory, constantly supplied with the rarest and sweetest It also served as an aviary, and various foreign birds might be constantly seen flying about, which it was the great delight of Mr. Bradley to render perfectly familiar with himself. They had, it is true, a distinct and separate abode assigned to them beyond the conservatory, built against the house, but to this they were only confined at night, or when the windows were required to be open. These little songsters were Mr. Bradley's most familiar companions, his children, his protégés—the beings from whose society, perhaps, he derived the most habitual pleasure; though he would often sigh to think that such was indeed the case, and wish that in his nephew he could have found one who would have been at once as a son and friend to him in his old age; but it seemed that this was not to be, so he consoled himself with his birds, and would sit for hours listening to their warbling, or to the dreamy and melodious sound of a fountain that was in the centre of the conservatory.

But I shall weary the reader with these details, so I will pass over all particulars as to furniture, &c., though, to those who knew Mr. Bradley, there was something very characteristic in the quaint, formal, and yet tasteful arrangement of the whole house. The only other rooms on the ground floor were the dining-room and library, which was small, but well furnished with books. The garden, which nearly surrounded the house was very pretty, though somewhat formal. It consisted of a sloping lawn, over which, were dotted numerous flower-beds, which looked exceedingly bright and gay during nine months of the year, and very neat always; a belt of evergreens, and broad gravel walk, surrounded the whole. Of the fields, farm-yard, &c., attached to the house, I will say nothing; such things are seldom interesting, except to their owners, and will not assist the picture which I wish my readers to have in their mind's eye

of the residence of my hero.

But you will wish to know something of the appearance of this hero himself. Picture to yourselves then an elderly gentleman, rather below than above the middle height, with a thin, spare, and still active frame, and a countenance conveying an idea of much decision, and even sternness, until he smiled, and then its predominant expression was that of great benevolence; small delicately shaped hands, and an erect and dignified carriage. He was always dressed in black, with a frilled shirt, and cravat of spotless whiteness, folded precisely as had been his custom for forty years; and when walking carried a large goldheaded cane. Such was the invariable appearance of "my uncle Nicholas."

Arthur Bradley was his only brother's only child, and had been left under his guardianship at the age of seventeen: he was amiable and well disposed, but idle, thoughtless, and extravagant. Perhaps his uncle's guardianship might have done something towards removing these defects, had not his efforts been counteracted by his brother's will, who left his son the uncontrolled management of an allowance which was greatly too large for his fortune, and the position he would afterwards hold in society. Then, too, it was hardly to be expected that a lad, who had, from his infancy, been accustomed to the most blind and indiscriminating indulgence, should patiently endure reproof from any one, and least of all, perhaps, from one armed with the authority of a guardian; though, in this case, unfortunately, the authority was little more than nominal; and grievous were the misunderstandings that ensued. Yet Arthur Bradley both loved and respected his uncle, and was so often conscious of the justice of his censures, that they would produce a temporary amendment; but as it was, alas! only temporary, and he was always too proud to admit that he was to blame, Mr. Bradley generally remained ignorant of even the slight effect produced by his remonstrances, and naturally became more and more irritated by the repeated proofs he received of his nephew's culpable thoughtlessness and extravagance. Had Arthur once acknowledged that he was wrong; his uncle would have borne more patiently with his errors, but such an acknowledgement seemed hopeless, and matters daily grew worse. Things were in this state, when Arthur thought proper to fall in love with a pretty but portionless orphan; very vehement were the remonstrances of Uncle Nicholas, and very urgent his entreaties that at least Arthur would wait two or three years years before irrevocably pledging himself. As to marriage—that, he said, was out of the question, for a much longer period; Arthur was indignant, and more to prove his independence than from any other feeling, was married the day he came of age. A complete estrangement between them was the natural consequence, and at the time when our story commences, Arthur seldom referred to his uncle, except on the terms already recorded, viz :-

"I wonder what my Uncle Nicholas would say?" Perhaps had his better feelings had fair play, even this reference to his uncle's opinion might not have been wholly useless; but like many others of an easy, indolent disposition, he was almost

wholly under the control of others, and seldom acted on his own convictions of what was right, though often rendered un-

happy by the consciousness of wrong.

His marriage was of service to him in one respect, as it gave him an excuse for leaving college, of which he was tired, and thus removed him from those who had there exercised an evil influence over him. For some time, too, his wife's society was all that was necessary for his happiness, and for the first six

months he contrived to live within his income.

Louisa Bradley was sweet-tempered, sensible, and by no means deficient in firmness and strength of character; but she was very young and inexperienced, and too grateful to her husband for having chosen her in preference to many whom, in her simplicity, she thought would have been more worthy of him, ever to dream of opposing his will, or setting up her judgment against his. Thus, though an ardent lover of the country, she had been perfectly convinced by Arthur's arguments that London was the only place in which they ought to live—arguments which, after all, amounted only to this—that he could not amuse himself so well elsewhere; and though, after a few months, she began to droop and pine for the fresh air to which she had been accustomed, she was too unaffectedly happy to find that Arthur could not perfectly enjoy any pleasure without her, and that she still constituted his chief pleasurethat he still preferred hearing her sing, to going to a concert; and her conversation to the theatre—ever to waste a thought of regret on what would once have been a great privation to her. Unfortunately, this state of things could not last: in a few months Arthur, though as much attached as ever to Louisa. began to find his present mode of life somewhat uniform, not to say dull; and having no definite employment, was often at a loss for some amusement, with which to kill time.

With these feelings, it was with great satisfaction that he received a visit from an old college acquaintance, a satisfaction that was farther increased on learning that his visitor was, at all events for a short time, residing very near him. This call led to a renewal of his intercourse, not only with Mr. Cleveland himself, but with several others of the same set. For some time Arthur steadily resisted all entreaties to join parties at which Louisa could not be present; but to counterbalance this, invited his friends the more frequently to his house, till at last there were few days on which they were alone. This in itself would have been a sufficient evil, but it farther happened that almost all the party were addicted to high play. Arthur himself had no taste for gambling of any kind, but with his usual weakness he could not refuse to play when asked, and was

besides, afraid of being laughed at as a miser, if he objected to

the high stakes proposed by his companions.

In a short time, too, he began to find a game of billiards a very pleasant amusement for a rainy day; and whist an agreeable mode of passing the evening: if he lost, and had not sufficient ready money by him, an I O U answered the purpose just as well, and besides made no perceptible difference in his pocket-for the time. After a short time, however, one of his friends who was leaving town, reminded him, in a careless, indifferent sort of way, of the trifle he owed him; which trifle on enquiry proved to amount to nearly his year's income. was considerably startled by this, and had nearly resolved never to play again; however, the first subject for consideration was how to raise the sum required, as he knew he had not near the amount at his bankers, having drawn out almost the whole sum originally placed in his hands; after some slight hesitation, he despatched a note to his broker, desiring him to sell out of the funds for him to the requisite amount. This note it was that called forth the exclamation with which our story commences; and for some little time his reflections were certainly of a very unpleasant, though, perhaps, salutary nature; once it even occurred to him that, perhaps, after all, his best and wisest plan would be to consult Uncle Nicholas himself; but this his pride forbade. How could he own the folly—and worse than folly-of his conduct? So he dismissed the idea at once, and had just determined to think of something else, when the entrance of his friend Cleveland, to beg him to form one of a party to the opera, assisted him in carrying out this last deter-Louisa had for some little time felt unequal to entertaining her husband's friends, and feeling auxious that he should not be deprived of his usual pleasures and amusements, urged him so repeatedly to break through his determination of not going anywhere without her, that he at last consented. Having once done so, it was very difficult, particularly with his yielding temper, to refuse any subsequent invitations, and in a short time it became a rare occurrence for him to spend an evening at home. It need hardly be said that during this time his fortune had considerable inroads made on it; indeed, he seemed at this period to be in great danger of becoming a confirmed gambler, and that, too, without being tempted by often winning. Some of his fashionable friends, too, were often in want of money, and Arthur's inability to say No, was of great advantage to them. Not that they often asked him to lend them money—his name was all they wanted; and he found this so much less troublesome a mode of obtaining money than the more formal one he had previously adopted, that he soon made

use of it on his own account, and that to no inconsiderable extent.

All things in this world sooner or later come to an end, and the London season of that year was no exception to the rule, though poor Louisa had almost begun to thick it one. Almost all his gay friends had left town, and Arthur was beginning to find it dull, when the birth of a son gave a new direction to his thoughts. His affection for his wife had never been really lessened, though of late he had shown her less attention; and his manner to her now was marked by the lover-like devotion which had characterised the first few months of their married life, and which in her hours of loneliness and depression of spirits, she had sometimes feared was gone, never to return.

As soon as Louisa was sufficiently recovered, they went to Hastings for a month; they lived there very quietly, and it was to her a time of almost unalloyed happiness; while Arthur's pleasure, which would otherwise have equalled her own, was disturbed by constantly recurring recollections of debts unpaid, and bills soon to become due. Though he had never had courage to look very closely into his affairs, he had a dim consciousness that they were in a state of almost hopeless embarrassment, and probably suffered as much from dread of the day of reckoning, which he knew his utmost efforts could not long postpone, as he would have done had he suddenly been told he was a beggar. His wife soon perceived that he looked ill and careworn, nor could his endeavours to appear always in the highest possible spirits, long conceal from her that something was preving on his mind; but all her efforts to discover the cause were vain: indeed, he showed so much annoyance at her enquiries, that she soon ceased to repeat them, and returned to London with a heavier heart than when she left it; though she earnestly strove to believe his assurances that there was nothing the matter, and to think that his depression merely arose from want of society, or some such accidental cirumstance, which a short time might remedy.

A few days after their return to London, on entering the house after a short absence, Arthur was surprised to hear Louisa's voice in animated conversation, and was still more astonished to find his uncle in the drawing-room.

Mr. Bradley greeted his nephew with all his former cordiality, making no allusion to past differences; and before he left, warmly pressed him to pay him a visit.

"Your wife had been telling me before you came in," he said, "that you were not looking well; and I now see she was quite right. I am sure London cannot agree with either of you, and you had much better remain with me, at all events till the winter sets in."

Perhaps had Arthur followed his own inclinations he would have declined this invitation, but he had no good reason to assign for doing so, and Louisa's wishes were so evidently in favour of accepting it, that before Mr. Bradley left, it was settled they should come to him early in the following week.

"Arthur," said Louisa, in the course of the evening, "Why did you never tell me what a charming person your uncle was? He seems so kind; I am sure I could soon become very fond of him; and he admired baby, too, so much; but then he could scarcely help doing that—he is such a beauty!" added the young mother, with a pardonable pride in her first-born child.

Arthur smiled. "Why you seem to have taken quite a fancy to each other," he said. "I only hope it will last, for he might be of great service to us, and I don't think I was ever a favourite: at least, he used always to be finding fault with me—not but what I deserved it, I dare say," he added, gloomily; "but there is no use in putting the worst construction on everything, and I don't suppose things will be much better now."

Oh! Arthur, how can you say so?" said Louisa, almost reproachfully. "You have often told me what a careful guardian he was, and if he did occasionally find fault; all boys are troublesome sometimes—it is very different now."

"Boys, indeed!" muttered Arthur; "it is not so very long

ago, neither."

"Well," said Louisa, laughing, "now you are such a very old man—not quite two-and-twenty, I believe, for it wants a fortnight to our wedding day—no one will dare find fault with you. But come, you must not look worried, or I shall be sorry we accepted your uncle's invitation. I have not sung to you for months; shall I do so now?"

Her sweet voice soon chased the gloom from his brow, though conscience, which doth make cowards of us all, still made him look forward to their visit with feelings of anxiety, even of dread. There did not, however, appear to be much

cause for these.

Mr. Bradley omitted nothing to make their stay with him agreeable to both, and Louisa made rapid progress in his good graces, while Arthur, no longer annoyed by being dictated to as a boy, was surprised to find how much more at his ease he felt, than he had ever imagined possible with his uncle. Could he have forgotten all the events of the preceding spring, he would have been quite happy.

One evening, when they had been there about three weeks, the uncle and nephew were sitting together alone, after dinner; though the days were still warm and bright, the evenings partook of the chilly character of autumn, and rendered the cheerful fire in the dining-room by no means nnacceptable. Everything in the room had an appearance of comfort, even Arthur felt its influence, and was unusually cheerful and free from care; while Mr. Bradley sat, as if revolving some pleasing thought in his mind, which he did not quite know how to clothe in words.

"I shall miss you sadly when you leave me, Arthur," he said at length, "I shall feel quite lonely for a time; but you must not take the whole of the compliment to yourself; I am not sure but what the largest share belongs of right to your wife. I really feel as fond of her as if she, like you, had belonged to me all her life; she is a sweet creature, and you were most fortunate to obtain such a treasure. I was very foolish to oppose your marriage, but you were so very young. I am not an advocate for early marriages in general; and besides, I feared you hardly possessed sufficient firmness and stability of character to sustain, while so young, the necessary cares of a household with credit. I sincerely rejoice to find I was mistaken. I was much pleased with the appearance of your house, when I was there the other day, all was just as it should be-handsome and convenient, but nothing merely for display-nothing but what your fortune entitled you to have. And another thing, too, Arthur, pleased me, and that was the attention paid to all your wife's tastes. Ah!" continued the good old gentleman, warming "You think that we old bachelors do not with his subject. notice these things, but let me tell you nothing escapes me. I saw the beautiful piano, the handsomest piece of furniture in the room, and the pretty work-table, and the writing desk; and the rare flowers, which Louisa tells me you never suffered her to be without, even through the winter. Louisa has told me how you refused all invitations in which she was not included; till, when she could no longer accompany you, she induced you to break through your rule; and of all your care and attention to her during her illness; and of many other things which it has done my heart good to hear. I certainly did you great injustice, Arthur! but it is never too late to mend; and if you will only promise to spend as much time with me as possible, I shall be too happy to regret my mistake, as much as perhaps I ought to do. I was ungracious enough not to send any present to my new niece on her wedding, and now I know so little of ladies' tastes, that I must commission you to remedy my error, and lay out this checque for me in whatever way you think will be most acceptable to her," and as he spoke, he laid a cheque for fifty pounds on the table. "But what is the matter?" he exclaimed, for the first time catching sight of his nephew's agitated countenance.

Poor Arthur! every word that had been uttered had been like a dagger in his heart, where pride, shame, and remorse seemed struggling for the mastery; often had he longed to interrupt his uncle's praises, which, undeserved as they were, seemed to him as the bitterest reproaches, but he dared not.

"What is the matter, Arthur?" repeated Mr. Bradley, becoming alarmed by his silence; "why do you not answer? Will you not take the money?" he continued, pushing it towards him

on the table.

"I cannot!" at last burst forth Arthur; "you would not give it me, if—" and he stopped abruptly, laid his arms on the table, and bent down his face upon them.

"If what, Arthur?" said his uncle.

"If you knew all—how I have deceived you; if you knew what a wretch I am!" was the scarcely audible reply. Mr. Bradley rose, and paced the room in great agitation; at last, "what is the meaning," he began; "but no! I will not solicit your confidence; it is of no value unless spontaneous," and he too sat down, and seemed resolved to wait in silence till Arthur

should speak again-he waited long.

"I will tell you all," he said at length, raising his head, "at least, I will no longer be the hypocrite I have been!" and with a faltering voice he proceeded to detail to his uncle the whole of the folly and extravagance of the last few months. Not a word, not a sign, either of encouragement or disapprobation, interrupted him; once, when he paused in his narrative, a stern "go on," recalled his attention, but beyond this there was nothing to shew even that he was heard, and when at its close he stole a glance at his uncle, the immoveability of his features afforded no clue to the effect produced on his mind, though they certainly were very far from inspiring either hope or encouragement.

A silence of some minutes ensued, which was at last broken by Mr. Bradley's enquiring in a calm, cold tone, "What is the amount of your debts?"

"I do not know."

"You do not know! Perhaps you can tell me if you will be able to pay them all."

"I do not know-I fear not."

"You fear not! And do you mean to tell me, sir, that in one year you have dissipated the whole of the fortune left you by your father? That you have not only brought ruin on yourself, but involved in it those you were bound by every tie to support and cherish! That not content with this you have added dishonesty to extravagance, and contracted debts which you are unable to pay! Had these been only debts of honour, as

e

11

they are called (dishonour would be a more appropriate term) I should not so much have regretted it, though the world would in that case visit the offence more severely; but you know not in whose hands are now any of the bills you have drawn, and from your own account it appears that though the greater portion of these arises from gambling transactions, it is now many months since you have paid any of your tradesmen, and they who have had no share in the blame, will be the greatest sufferers. And that all this should have arisen from gambling! Had it been merely from extravagance — however reckless, I might have thought of it as the folly of one too young to be entrusted with the management of his own property; but as it is-O Arthur, that I should live to hear my brother's child acknowledge himself a gambler! Don't interrupt me, sir! don't speak to me of having lent money! What right had you to lend it? when you knew it would probably never be returned? fortune was not given to you to squander, but entrusted to you for the benefit of yourself and others. You had no more right, even were you alone in the world, by wilfully throwing it away, to render yourself dependent on others, than you would have to deprive yourself of sight or hearing, or any other natural gift bestowed on you. I say you would have no right to do this, even were you alone in the world; and how much is your guilt increased when you have a wife and child depending on you for Remember, that money is one of the talents for which you will one day have to give account; what excuse will you then have to offer for your abuse of it? But it is of little use to speak thus to you; I can scarcely hope that either remonstrance or entreaty will have any effect on you now. It is too, I suppose, of little use to ask you what your intentions are for the future: though if you have formed any plans, I shall, for Louisa's sake, be glad to know them; she, at least, is innocent in this business, and it must be my care that she does not suffer more than is necessary from your faults. It is well she has some one to protect her, when he who was most bound to do so has shewn himself so utterly reckless of her happiness. May I ask, then, what you intend to do?"

Every word of his uncle's address had been keenly felt by Arthur: at any other time he would warmly have resented many parts of it, but he now felt so thorough a consciousness of having deserved all the reproaches that could be heaped on him, that all feelings of indignation were entirely subdued, and it was with very genuine humility that he professed his willingness to do anything, if he could, even in a small degree, repair the mischief

occasioned by his extravagance.

"Anything means nothing," said his uncle, apparently unmoved by his penitence. "What will you do?"

"I will sell everything—even my house and furniture, and pay all my debts, and then endeavour to obtain some situation that will support us—no matter what—I do not care how hard I have to work, if I can only preserve to Louisa some of the

comforts to which she has been accustomed."

"So you think now," observed Mr. Bradley, coldly; "perhaps by to-morrow you will have changed your mind. Your good resolutions have never hitherto been very lasting, nor does your habitual idleness afford much hope of future industry, even should you succeed in procuring a situation,—which is, to say

the least, doubtful."

"Indeed, you do me injustice," said Arthur, raising his head, and speaking with more spirit than he had previously shown; "I am fully aware of the extent of my fault; I know that I can never hope to recover your good opinion—if, indeed, I ever possessed it," he added, bitterly; "but you might at least give me credit for sincerity now; and I hope soon to prove that my purposes are more lasting than you think. As for the future, surely with youth and health, and a willingness to undertake any employment, I shall not be long unsuccessful. At any rate, I begin my search tomorrow. I suppose, for Louisa's sake, you will not turn us out to-night."

"Louisa remains with me for the present," said Mr. Bradley; "this is better both for her and for you. Should you persevere in your present intentions, come here again as soon as your plans for the future are determined on; till then another interview would be needlessly agitating to both. I presume you will leave by the first train to morrow morning; in that case we shall

not meet again before you go."

"Be it so," said Arthur; "I have no wish to stay where I am unwelcome! I must say, too, I think you might have spared some of your taunts; if you could see my heart, you would know that I was miserable enough to satisfy even you." He walked to the door, and put his hand on the lock, then paused, and the next instant he was by his uncle's side. "Oh! sir, will you send me from you without one kind word? one hope of forgiveness at some future time? For my father's sake I know I do not deserve it for my own." His uncle held out his hand to him. "Oh, Arthur!" he said, "you have grieved and disappointed me more than I can express! but we will part in peace; your future conduct must determine what my opinion of you henceforth is to be."

Arthur went up stairs, and at first busied himself in preparing for his departure; but he could not long repress the feelings excited by his late agitating interview, and throwing himself into a chair, he covered his face with his hands, and remained in a sort of stupor of misery and shame; he had not sat thus long, when Louisa, finding he did not join her in the drawing-room, came to seek him. On seeing him, she stood for a moment irresolute, and then gently approaching him, laid her hand on his shoulder; "Arthur," she said, "you are unhappy! you have cares and anxieties which I, your wife, know nothing of,—is this right? Ought I not to share you griefs as well as your pleasures? and do you seriously think that any misfortune could make me more unhappy than the loss of your confidence?"

"You will know all soon enough," murmured Arthur, his face averted from the tender, anxious gaze, he feared to meet.

"Then let me hear it from no lips but yours; misfortune, of whatever kind it be, will be robbed of half its bitterness, if first communicated by you."

"You will hate me-despise me!"

nd

on

rd

he

ps

bo

ur

en

ay

d,

1;

n

S-

ıe

y

e,

u

e

11

1

1

"What a supposition!" and the young wife laughed almost gaily. "Now you'are jesting with me, and I begin to hope that all this mighty secret may turn out such a bugbear as this!"

"Bugbear, indeed!" said Arthur; "would it were, Louisa. I have ruined you—my fortune is gone, all of it, and we are beggars."

"Is that all?" and can the mere loss of fortune so move you? shame on you for the weakness! Are we not young enough to begin the world afresh, and by our own exertions obtain wealth sufficient for us, and a thousand times more valuable than that which is only inherited. And this, I am sure, is no fault of yours; and why grieve so much for a misfortune which, perhaps, no precaution on your part could have averted."

"You are too confident; this is no inevitable misfortune, but brought on solely by my own reckless extravagance. O, Louisa, you little know how madly, how wickedly I have acted!"

"Then," said his wife, and for the first time, in spite of all her efforts, her voice trembled; "then there is the more need that I should comfort you, dearest Arthur;" and she pressed her lips to his forhead. "Do not think that anything can estrange me from you. We are none of us faultless. I do not say that you blame yourself too severely,—for I know not the cause; but if you have erred, your sincere repentance will be accepted by Him who sees the heart; and surely it is not for us, conscious as we must be of many and great infirmities, to judge too severely of conduct which might perhaps have been our own under similar circumstances. I will hear no particulars to-night, some other time, perhaps, when you are better able, you shall tell me all—but now we will think of nothing, but hope for the future."

She then led her husband to talk of his plans, and with true woman's tact made light of every difficulty, and drew such a

picture of the happiness they should enjoy, when after a day spent by both in the fulfilment of their respective duties, their evenings would be devoted to the quiet pleasures that had rendered the first few months of their married life so delightful, and which would retain their charm when they would constitute merely the relaxation, and not the sole employment of their lives—that she at last soothed him into calmness, and induced him to look forward with something like hopefulness to the future.

Poor Louisa! she was not quite a heroine after all, and we are bound to confess that in spite of her having made so light of the loss of fortune when talking to Arthur, she could not look forward to poverty and its attendant evils without dread; and she no sooner thought he was asleep, and that she was consequently released from the necessity of self-control, than her tears flowed in a most undignified manner. She had in truth very sufficient cause for her sorrow; for setting aside all personal regrets, her sympathy with her husband's anxiety and distress would alone have rendered her very unhappy; and more, far more than all, it weighed heavily on her mind, that that beloved husband had been to blame—how much so she knew not, and almost feared to know. Let it not be supposed that her affection for him was lessened by the discovery that he was not so absolutely faultless as in her girlish romance she had once deemed him. clung the closer to him, though it was the bitterest trial she had ever known. We are too apt to invest the objects of our love with every high and noble quality, till we almost idolize the creation of our own fancy, and then, sooner or later, comes the day of awakening; but where a real and pure affection has once taken firm root in the mind, the very faults and infirmities of the beloved once often but serve to endear them to us the more; always provided that we find neither meanness nor utter want of principle; we can scarcely imagine any affection surviving the discovery of these. It was long before Louisa closed her eyes; but towards morning she sank into a heavy sleep. she awoke her husband was gone, leaving a few hurried lines on her table, to tell her of the object of his return to London, and of the impossibility of taking her with him. With a heavy heart she descended to the breakfast-room. Mr. Bradley was more than usually kind and attentive, and strove, by engaging her in conversation, to banish the care that was too visible in her countenance; but his words only suggested one idea to her: might not he who seemed so kind be prevailed on to assist She doubted not that he had the power to do so, and would he not exert it for one so near and dear to him? These thoughts were in her mind when Mr. Bradley said, "Now, my dear, is there anything I can do for you before I go out?"

"Oh! sir, - Arthur-" she could get no further, but her looks sufficiently expressed her meaning.

"Arthur has acted very ill," said Mr. Bradley, sternly, "and

must bear the consequences."

"Can you be so cruel?" said poor Louisa, and she burst into

tears. Mr. Bradley came up to her.

"My dear Louisa," said he, more kindly, "do you remember the fable of Jupiter and the countryman? It is useless to help those who will not help themselves." Then, after a short pause, "Did Arthur tell you all?"

"No, sir."

"Did he not wish you to know?"

"Oh! ves, he would have told me everything, but I-"

"Would not let him; afraid, I suppose, my dear child; always have courage to look inevitable evils firmly in the face. They will not be lightened, quite the contrary, by your ignorance of them. If you have sufficient resolution to hear all that has passed, and will come with me for half an hour into my study, where we shall be secure from interruption, I hope to be able to convince you that I am right in my decision, though you may think me somewhat harsh, just at present."

Arthur's first proceeding on his arrival in London, was to go to the lawyer who had always been employed by his father and uncle, and place the management of his affairs entirely in his hands: they were in so entangled a state, and Arthur's own statements were so confused, that it was some time before they could be reduced to anything like order; at last, however, the amount of his debts and liabilities was clearly ascertained.

It was more even than he had feared, while in few instances was there the least hope of his recovering any portion of the money he had lent. In the meantime, his house and furniture were sold. It cost him many pangs to part with the various things that had been especially devoted to Louisa's use—her piano, her desk, even her books—but he felt that it was a necessary sacrifice, and only yielded to his feelings so far as not again to visit the house after he had given orders for the sale, and removed the few things he still intended to keep. He had paid and discharged all his servants the day after his arrival, and engaged a small lodging in an obscure street in the neighbourhood of Holborn.

For some time, when not engaged with his lawyer, his time was wholly devoted to seeking employment. At first, he was very sanguine that some of those who had professed so much friendship for him in the days of his prosperity, would be able to procure him some government appointment; but he soon experienced the truth of the saying, that "poverty has no friends."

All had some excuse to offer—some lamented their inability to serve him, while others scarcely attempted to disguise their coldness; he was of no farther use to them now, and as self-interest had been the basis of their friendship, how could it be expected to stand the test of adversity? Wearied and dispirited, he turned his thoughts to other sources of employment;

but what was there that he was fit for?

He had left college without taking his degree, and even had he not done so, it would be years before he could expect to succeed in any profession, to say nothing of the expense incurred in the meantime. He could not afford to buy a commission he spent several days in endeavouring to obtain employment in some merchant's house, but he was so evidently unfitted for it, that it would have been extremely difficult for him to procure it, even had he not been wholly without introductions or recommendations, and he soon abandoned the search in despair. At last he told all his difficulties and ill success to his lawyer. Ramsay had known him as a child, and would, in any case, have felt considerable interest in his welfare; but this interest was greatly increased by his conduct under the trying circumstances in which he was now placed. He knew that though all must frequently have cause to regret some of their actions; yet that, in the words of a great modern novelist,-"One feeling or another-pride, vanity, shyness, and many others, keep nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand from opening their lips under such circumstances; it is only the thousandth who candidly and straightforwardly walks up to the truth, and says, 'I am sorry I have done wrong.'"

Now Arthur Bradley had shown not only that he was one of the rare examples of those who have sufficient courage and honesty for such a confession, but also that he was willing to do all in his power to repair the wrong he had done; and Mr. Ramsay both fully appreciated the feelings by which he was actuated, and determined to assist him by every means in his power, should it finally appear that such assistance was needed. For the present, however, various motives, some of which may be explained hereafter, prevented him from openly expressing these kind intentious, or from doing more than offer Arthur employment in copying various documents for him: an offer which was thankfully accepted. And now hour after hour, day after day, found him seated at his desk, engaged on his The writing rewearisome task—and it was very wearisome. quired was so different to what he had been accustomed to, and the mechanical copying of words, that seemed to him destitute of sense and meaning, was inexpressibly tedious—still he resolutely persevered; but unused as he was to it, the sum he could

earn by his utmost efforts was very small.; besides, he could not always obtain employment for the whole of his time, and he felt that, as it was, Mr. Ramsay only gave him as a favour, what others could have done better, and more expeditiously, and he could not hope therefore, that even this scanty source of subsistence would long continue.

One day, as he was returning from Mr. Ramsay's, he heard a well-known voice pronounce his name, and turning round, he saw Mr. Cleveland, who had been absent from London since his return there. He accosted Arthur with great cordiality, and walked on by his side, chatting on the various topics of the day; at last he said,—

"By the bye, Bradley, where have you hidden yourself lately? I have been in London a fortnight, and have heard of you from no one; to be sure, few but those compelled to be in London would be there at this time of the year; but still I expected to have seen or heard something of you before now. You have changed your residence too, have you not? where do you live now?"

There was a struggle in Arthur's mind before he replied, but it was soon over, and he briefly stated the change in his circumstances, and the necessity he was now under of maintaining himself by his own exertions. Mr. Cleveland, though thoughtless and extravagant, was what is commonly called a kind hearted young man; he had, besides, been for some years on terms of more than ordinary intimacy with Arthur Bradley; they had first been schoolfellows, then companions at college, and their intercourse had since been scarcely interrupted; he was, therefore, truly sorry to hear of his friend's misfortunes, and expressed his regret in such terms as left no doubt of his sin-After his late experience of the hollowness and falseness of worldly friendships, Arthur was both surprised and gratified by his warmth of manner, and when he asked him to dine with him that day, he was on the point of unhesitatingly accepting the invitation, when the doubt crossed his mind as to how far he should be justified in recovering an intercourse which had before led him into great extravagance, and might now prove doubly dangerous to him; he paused—when his companion, thinking to offer him a farther inducement, said something about asking some friends to meet him, and make up a quiet rubber. decided him, and he declined the invitation, nor could any persuasions induce him to change his resolution. The next day, however, Cleveland presented himself at his lodgings with a proposal that he should make one of a party to the opera, and though this also was declined, he repeated his visits so frequently and urged his invitations so earnestly, that it required all Ar-

thur's lately acquired firmness to persist in his refusal. land had at first been actuated solely by a sincere wish to show him kindness; but piqued and surprised by his unwonted firmness, his invitations were at last given, less from feelings of friendship than from a dislike to be foiled in anything he had undertaken; and he at length almost felt as if his own honour were concerned in overcoming, what he termed, Arthur's absurd obstinacy. For this end, he left no means untried; persuasion, ridicule, even reproaches—but all failed; though he was sometimes powerfully seconded by Arthur's own heart. He was literally pining for society, and could scarcely bear to reject the kindness of the only friend who had not deserted him in his adversity, and who had been willing to show that kindness by every means in his power; having repeatedly pressed upon him the loan of any sum he might require: the refusal of which offer by Arthur, however gratefully worded, had materially added to his vexation. So strong, however, was his persuasion, that if he once yielded, in however slight a degree, all his old weakness would return, and that his only safety lay in a total avoidance of the companions and pursuits that had before proved so fatal to kim, that he remained firm, and his friend at last gave up the attempt in high displeasure, indignantly renouncing all further

acquaintance or intercourse with him. At last, about a week before Christmas, Arthur received the welcome intelligence that his debts were finally settled; his pleasure was, however, dimished by the fact, that after paying Mr. Ramsay's bill, and other expenses, he had barely three hundred pounds remaining. The confinement, too, and close occupation he had lately had; and above all, his anxiety and distress of mind, were beginning to tell upon his health; and to add to his other causes of vexation, he had for some time fancied Louisa's letters were constrained and cold. Hitherto, the very anxiety he felt, had, in some degree sustained him, but now his spirits sank completely, and when Mr. Ramsay called on him the next day, he found him so evidently ill, that he insisted on sending him his own physician. Doctor Morley came, and pronounced him to be suffering from low nervous fever, prescribed a course of tonics, and recommended change of air, and complete rest and relaxation:—the prescription, the most difficult in the world to be followed; and for some days the situation of poor Arthur was pitiable in the extreme. Without a single friend near him; deprived of all the little luxuries and comforts so essential to an invalid, and at all times almost necessary to one so spoilt and indulged as he had been; and suffering both in body and mind, he could scarcely collect his thoughts sufficiently even to care for the future; indeed, there were times

when it seemed a matter of indifference whether he lived or died.

The purpose of Mr. Ramsay's visit had been to offer him an appointment in Jamaica, of the value of four hundred pounds a year, which, through the interest of a friend, was placed at his disposal. The climate was a great drawback: indeed, Arthur felt almost convinced he could not live there long; and as for Louisa, he scarcely dared to think of its effect on her, but what was to be done? there seemed no prospect but starvation in England, and with a heavy heart he accepted the situation; about the same time he received a letter from Louisa, containing a message from his uncle, to the effect whether or no the purpose of his visit to London had been effected, he hoped to see him at Christmas.

He accordingly deferred the communication of his plans till he could make it in person; and on Christmas-eve once more left London. Louisa received him with every appearance of affection, and seemed especially anxious to display the growth and improvement of their child; but there was an embarrassment in her manner that did not escape his notice, and she appeared carefully to avoid all reference to the events of the last three months, or to his future prospects; and hurriedly and nervously turned the conversation whenever he adverted to them in the slightest degree. It was nearly dark when he arrived; and the excitement of the meeting had flushed his cheek, and made him altogether look much better than he really was; so that, beyond remarking that he had grown very thin, she did not notice the alteration in his appearance, and had not the least idea how unwell he was. Arthur did not see his uncle till they met at dinner: it was an embarrassing meal for all parties, and passed in almost total silence. As soon as the cloth was withdrawn, Louisa left the room, and the uncle and nephew were once more tête à tête. It would perhaps have been difficult to say which of the two appeared the most embarrassed. indeed, could not account for his uncle's evident nervousness, till at last the thought struck him, -could he really be anxious about what he had to tell?—was it possible that, in spite of all his sternness, he still retained a sufficient interest in him thus to disturb his tranquillity?

The hope, vague as it was, gave him some degree of courage; and he had also the consciousness that, since they last parted, his conduct had been such as to merit approbation rather than censure. So, after a few minutes' silence, he began a relation of all that had happened during his stay in London, making the recital as brief as possible, and entirely passing over that part of it which related to Mr. Cleveland. He told of his unsuccess-

ful efforts to procure employment, and the small sum he had been able to earn by the only means in his power;—of the final settlement of his affairs, and almost total destitution in which he now found himself; and, lastly, of his acceptance of the appointment in Jamaica. He concluded by saying that his chief regret was on Louisa's account; his only fear that she

would not long be able to bear the climate.

"She could not bear it," said Mr. Bradley: "I am convinced she would not live a twelvemonth: but I have a proposal to make to you, which, if you will accede to it, will obviate what seems the only difficulty in your way. If you will leave Louisa with me, I will treat her in every respect as my own daughter; and will, besides, immediately purchase an annuity for her, which will effectually secure her from want, whatever happens to me. I have no doubt that you will find it a trial to part from her; but I think if you look at the subject in its proper light, you will see that it would be selfish in the extreme to take her with you. I have no fear of her consent—she is very reasonable, and I think, too, very fond of me: for my part, I own I should be very sorry to be obliged to lose her. What do

you think of this arrangement?" Poor Arthur! to be so coldly advised to part, probably for ever, from the being he loved best in the world!—from her who had vowed to love and honour him "till death should them part;" at a time, too, when he seemed forsaken by all, and had more than ever need of her soothing affection! Could it be true, as his uncle hinted, that she would willingly comply with such a request? Was this the end of all the affection they had so fondly thought death itself could scarcely terminate? heart swelled almost to suffocation, and only the positive inability to speak prevented him from returning an indignant answer. But then came the thought,—should he not indeed, as his uncle had said, be selfish if he, merely for his own happiness, exposed her to the dangers of the climate which he was doomed to encounter? What would become of her, too, if left a widow in a foreign land? and he felt a presentiment that his own life would not there be of long duration: could he justify himself, under these circumstances, in withdrawing her from the happy home that was now hers? As these thoughts passed through his mind, his whole frame shook with the violence of his emotion; and when he again looked up, his face was deadly pale, but its expression was of a higher, nobler character than before, for he had conquered himself

"It shall be as you wish," he said, in a low voice: "do not

speak more to me of it now."

"My dear, dear boy!" began Mr. Bradley, in a tone of great

emotion, "will you really make this sacrifice?" then suddenly checking himself, and assuming an air of pleasantry, though the trembling of his voice betrayed his real feeling:—"What a pity it is, Arthur, that you should have set your heart on going to Jamaica, of all places in the world! but perhaps there is still some chance of your changing your mind: will this

letter make any difference in your resolution?"

Arthur took the letter, and read it mechanically, but his head felt dizzy, and it was some time before he could comprehend its contents. It was from a cabinet minister, and evidently written in answer to one from his uncle, and contained the offer of a valuable government appointment, concluding the satisfaction the writer felt at being able to promote the interests of the nephew of so old and much esteemed a friend as Mr. Bradley.

"Well, Arthur," said his uncle, after a few minutes, "will

you still go to Jamaica?"

But Arthur could not speak, he could only grasp his hand

in silence -a silence far more eloquent than any words.

"Listen to me, my dear Arthur, for a few minutes," resumed Mr. Bradley, "and do not interrupt me till I have finished. I think I may take it for granted that you will be willing to accept the appointment offered in that letter-its duties are not heavy, and would, if you were so disposed, allow of your residing here, and returning here every day to dinner-but this is for after consideration. Do not thank me for it; if you are really grateful, your actions, not your words, must show it. But in truth, I have felt that I owed you this, for in all that has passed, I cannot consider myself free from blame. I do not wish, Arthur," he continued still more gravely, "to weaken your sense of the folly--the guilt! (though that may seem a harsh word) of your conduct-you have much cause to lament the past; but I, too, neglected my duty towards you-I should have remembered that it was scarcely to be expected at your age, and with your disposition, that you would be able to resist the temptations to which you would inevitably be exposed. should not, merely on account of an outbreak of boyish petulance, which, after all, was perhaps excusable under the circumstances, have so entirely abandoned you to your fate, as to be wholly unaware during many months of how you were passing your time; nor because my positive authority as a guardian had ceased, should I have neglected to pursue the influence, which, as the only near relation you had in the world, I might naturally have had over you. Perhaps, too, to go still farther back, I did not act in the most judicious manner towards you, when younger; you had been almost wholly unused to control, and

perhaps had I been more indulgent to your errors, and allowed my affection for you to be more plainly seen, I might have accomplished by kindness, what my reproofs failed to effect.

"In all this I was wrong, and bitterly did I lament the consequences of my error, when I had too much reason to fear they were irretrevable. Such, I am thankful to say, is not wholly The fortune you have squandered, the time you have wasted, the opportunities of doing good you have neglected, can never be recalled; but if the experience of a twelvemonth, dearly bought as it now seems, is the means of improving your character as much as I now I hope it may, I shall scarcely regret it. One thing more in explanation of the seeming unkindness of my late conduct towards you. You must have thought me harsh and unfeeling, even when believing you had forfeited my good opinion for ever; and yet, never had I felt anything so nearly approaching to respect for your character; and never had I known so well how dear you were to me, as at that very time, when, by your manly and candid confession, which you thought would destroy whatever affection I might feel for you, you raised yourself immeasurably in my opinion. Even in the midst of my grief and distress, I rejoiced at the perfect truth and honesty that were apparent in all you said. There were no subterfuges-no glossing over your own faults, and endeavouring to lay the blame on others; no attempt at self-justification; all was candid and straightforward—and for this—even in spite of such grievous folly and weakness, I felt proud of my nephew! I longed to tell you so then; I longed to speak words of comfort to you in your distress: but I refrained. Had I then relieved you of all fears for the future, I could not have felt certain of the duration of your good resolutions; besides, (will you forgive me for it) I felt that it was scarcely right to pass over so grave a fault as yours, without its entailing some amount of suffering, though indeed I believe I have suffered nearly as much as yourself from your subsequent distress. nobly have you stood the trial! and now I dare praise you, and say what then I feared to utter, for in truth, your conduct during the last three months has been all that even I could desire. know what that conduct has been far better than from your own account; for a vigilant eye has been on you all the time; even your quarrel with Mr. Cleveland, and its cause, was made known to me, in consequence of his peevish complaints of you to Mr. Ramsay, with whom I have been in constant correspondence, and who only refrained, in compliance with my earnest request, from affording you more effectual assistance than he did. now for the future; I might, it is true, provide for you at once, out of the fortune that will be yours at my death; but at your age, and with your character, it is most important to have some decided occupation, and it is my wish that you should accept this appointment, at all events, for a few years—do you consent?" Arthur could only murmur a few broken words of grateful acquiesence. "Well then, that is settled, and there only remains one question—where are you to live? My greatest wish would be gratified, if you would reside with me here. I am growing old, and become daily more dependent on others for amusement; and to you and Louisa I should naturally look for it, but I will not influence you in this against your own wishes; I can scarcely hope that as yet some degree of resentment for the pain I have occasioned you is not lingering in your heart, though I hope at some future time you will do full justice to my motives."

"Oh, my dear uncle," said Arthur; "you surely cannot think so badly of me: indeed, I am not so ungrateful; how happy it would make me if I could think you were really proposing this on your own account, not mine—that you would really like to

have me always with you!"

"Indeed, my dear Arthur, I should like it very much, so that point, too, is settled, at least, for the present: so now we will go and relieve Louisa's mind—poor Louisa! she was so very miserable the day after you left, and cried so sadly, (I never could stand a woman's tears) that I was forced to tell her all my plans, but on condition that she should not give the least hint of them to you. I dare say you thought her letters very constrained in consequence. Well, she must employ herself for some little time in nursing you; for I shall not be satisfied till you look quite yourself again; so now we will go and give her full instructions."

He rose as he spoke, to leave the room, but Arthur, who had hitherto been silent, not from lack of words, but from sheer in-

ability to utter them, laid his hand on his arm.

"One moment, sir," he said; "there is one thing I would say to you now; before you can possibly suspect my words of being prompted by anything but the dictates of my heart. For all that you have done for me—your unwearied liberality and kindness—I cannot thank you: as you said yourself, my actions must speak my gratitude, but—" And his voice, which had at first been low and husky, gained strength and firmness as he proceeded—"There is one thing I must thank you for now. Oh! how could you think I could feel resentment for your conduct to me during the last three months—even when most miserable I never questioned the justice of your displeasure, but now, believe me, I am truly grateful for the wise kindness that allowed me to feel some portion of the consequences of my own

faults. Had it not been for the trials of the last few months, I fear my good resolutions would have been like all my preceeding ones, of short duration; but now I trust the effect will be

lasting."

"I trust so too, my dear Arthur," said Mr. Bradley; "and it will be, if you seek for help from Him in whose hand I have been but the instrument, and against whom you have offended far more than against any of your fellow creatures. Never forget, my dear boy, that, as I said to you once before, wealth is one of the talents for which you will one day have to give account. You are very young, and may perhaps have many years wherein to repair, as far as possible, your error; but that error renders it doubly incumbent on you to take especial care for the future, that both your time and your money are well employed, and in such a manner as to prove a blessing to yourself and others. But I am exceeding the limits, even of the prosing allowed to my age, so now we will go to Louisa."

Louisa had been sitting in the drawing room, waiting with great anxiety, for the appearance of her husband and uncle; and almost fearing that something unpleasant must have occurred to detain them so long; when the door opened, and she saw them enter, Arthur leaning on his uncle's arm, and the countenances of both wearing an expression of happiness not to

be mistaken.

"I have brought you an invalid, my dear," were Mr. Bradley's first words; "you must exert all your skill as a nurse, as I shall not let him leave us, even for a few hours, till he is quite strong again; you need not look frightened, there is nothing the matter that rest and quiet will not soon remove: do not talk to him just now, but let him rest on the sofa in this quiet corner—there, that will do: now go and sing to him."

As Louisa was singing, Arthur's eyes wandered over the room, till at last they rested on a work-box, which was open on a small table; it was so like one he had given her on their marriage, that he could scarcely believe it was not the same, and yet how came it there? he looked again—it was a very remarkable looking one, being of ivory, beautifully carved, and had cost a large sum of money—so large, that he had not thought it right to except it from the rest of his furniture at the sale—and yet, there it was! it made him quite nervous; he almost began to fear that all the events of that evening were a dream; at last he could restrain his curiosity no longer.

"Louisa," he said, "that workbox! surely it is the one I gave

you, and yet-"

"Oh!" interrupted Mr. Bradley, "of course I could not allow Louisa to lose any of her pretty things; you will find

them all in time, piano and all—your books and plate too, and everything I thought would be valuable to you from association; the mere furniture did not signify; most of them are in the little sitting-room up-stairs, which I have had fitted up as Louisa's boudoir, that you may have a room exclusively your own. The drawing and dining rooms shall be neutral ground, while I will keep undisturbed possession of the library, that I may retreat there when I wish to be quiet; for you must have more society than has been necessary for me. You will find many pleasant acquaintances in this neighbourhood, and I shall hope to see all your own friends here—even Mr. Cleveland shall be welcomed for his kindness to you; that is, provided he does not induce you to play."

"I will never touch a card again, as long as I live!" said

Arthur.

"Nay," replied his uncle, "that is rather too sweeping an assertion—say, for a year, or two—or even five, and I shall think it a prudent resolution, as it will be well just at present to keep out of the way of temptation; but I am not fond of vows that are binding for life, on subjects of comparatively small importance. In nine cases out of ten they are broken, and an action, perhaps not wrong in itself, becomes a heavy offence as the infringement of a solemn promise. But to return to what I was saying, I had so completely set my heart on your remaining here, that Louisa and I have been amusing ourselves in your absence by making all the arrangements necessary for your doing so: we have found a famous nursery for your boy, where, when he is a year or two older, he can run and play to his heart's content, without disturbing the whole household—but you must see all we have done to-morrow."

The morrow came—the happiest Christmas Arthur had ever known-indeed, the hearts of all three were almost overflowing with happiness, and with deep thankfulness for the many blessings so bountifully conferred on them; but to him, the contrast between his late unhappinesss and the tranquil enjoyment he now experienced, was almost overpowering; those only who have fancied themselves uncared for, and neglected by all the world, and then have suddenly found themselves the objects of the most watchful and unwearied care and affection, can fully enter into his feelings. His love and reverence for his uncle knew no bounds: indeed, there seemed some danger of his affection amounting to idolatry, and Louisa laughingly declared she should soon become quite jealous. It was some days before his spirits could recover anything like tranquility; and we are bound to confess that, in the interval, he talked an almost incredible amount of nonsense; but as neither Mr. Bradley nor Louisa found any fault with him for this, we do not see what

right any one else has to do so.

A very short time sufficed to restore him to his usual health, and he was soon actively engaged in the duties of his new situation.

We will not follow his future course—it is one that can be easily supplied by the imagination of our readers—nor, remembering our old abhorrence of a moral, will we add one word, except to entreat those (if any) who have been interested in his story, to remember that, though it is extremely easy for all to get into difficulties, all may not be so happy as to find an "Uncle Nicholas" to help them out.

A MOTHER TO HER STUDENT SON.

With a bouquet of tufted grass, myrtle, and scarlet jeranium blossoms, denoting, in the language of flowers, "absence, fame, and joy."

I sit within the shadow of my lowly cottage home,
Thy thoughts, belov'd, I know not; nor whence thy footsteps
roam;

For many weary miles there are o'er uplands and o'er lea,
In toilsome pilgrimage to pass, ere thou canst be with me!
I have pluck'd this tufted grass from beneath the old thorn
hedge—

Of absence 'tis the emblem-of undying love the pledge.

Within the cloistered pile uprearing grey and solemn towers, Thou hast pass'd thy early prime, and thy fervent youthful hours,

Exploring classic lore,—searching wisdom's sacred page— Thy lonely vigils keeping as of yore the pious sage.

These myrtle leaves shall form the crown which thou must win and wear-

The crown of intellectual fame - which few with thee may share.

Bethink thee of thy mother's prayers—and thou her only son—Bethink thee of her anxious hours—her communings alone.

The widowed heart with nought to rest its hopes upon, save thee—

hat

th,

be

n-

d, is to le The trembling heart that fears excess of blind idolatry!
These brilliant blossoms I entwine—prophetic may they prove—
Of joy and immortality—the crown bestowed above!

C. A. M. W.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

CHAPTER II.

Carlsbad, June, 1824.

Forasmuch as Goëthe has deigned to celebrate this place, perhaps you will think I concluded my last letter too abruptly in not telling you more about it.

But, how little would your mind, and how much less would your healthful body, your

"Mens sanum in corpore sano."

be enlightened by reading these extracts, I might easily send you from the works of the above authors, or from the numerous guide-books with which travellers are now so cheaply furnished. Enough that Carlsbad, like every other watering-place, of course owes its origin (or rather its discovery,) to some romantic incident.

The monarch, whose name this place adopted, is coupled with a rather more dignified animal than is our own Bath; and therefore the descendants of Bladud (if any exist) cannot complain of plagiarism, at all events.

It would seem, then, that while hunting hereabouts, his majesty lost, for some time, the stag he was in pursuit of; when, attracted by the creature's cries, one of the royal huntsmen descended a ravine, and found the poor animal almost scalded to death by having plunged into water of one hundred and twenty degrees.

Hence the celebrity of Carlsbad, and its name. In such a place, I never doubted the possibility of finding a courier to supply the vacancy, (as a linguist) of my valued compagnon de voyage, who had resolved to remain and go through a course of these baths.

Yet, so it was; for, although Russians, Poles, Bavarians, and Italians, and some English, (but very few French,) were daily flocking in, none of those who intended to remain had brought a spare domestic; while those who passed through, had none to

spare.

I was, therefore, rather nonplussed; which the waiter at our hotel seeing, ventured to offer his services in the dilemma. He was a fine, tall fellow, certainly, whose appearance I rather liked, and therefore I listened to a proposal, which, under less desperate circumstances, I might have thought ridiculous.

The following conversation took place between us in conse-

quence.

"Well, my friend, what is your name?"
"Jäger, sir, and I come from Berlin."

"What reference can you give me as to your character?"

"Only the landlord, who employs me every season, but from whom I receive no other remuneration than my board, and what visitors please to give me."

"Well, how much does this amount to usually?"

"Scarce forty francs, sir, during the whole summer, which is poor pay; if, therefore, you will only allow me five francs per diem, I would find myself; be very grateful, and serve you faithfully to the last."

There was such an air of conscious rectitude about the man's manner, that when his master afterwards confirmed these simple facts, I resolved to entrust him with myself, my luggage, and purse, with a promise of some addition to his other terms, if he

conducted himself well.

Behold me, therefore, seated beside Jäger in my little caleche, and commencing our journey under a most auspicious sky, but with very cloudy looks from my parting friend as he saw the moustached lacquey take that place in the carriage which had so long been his own. However, I resolved to make the best of it, and by degrees I found this an easy matter, since my new domestic gradually developed that knowledge and observation, combined with an excellent address, for which I had not given him credit, I confess, while a waiter at the Carlsbad hotel.

Already had he learnt, that by paying a florin or two (according to distance,) to the postman who travelled that road the preceding day, we might secure horses, which otherwise would have been forestalled by the numerous parties coming to

Carlsbad; -so much for forethought, then!

Well, next day, en route, he called my attention to a large château we were passing, as being the residence of one Count Hardeck, the Petersham of Bohemia, who had ruined himself by extravagant eccentricities; such, for instance, as getting his furniture from England, and having all his linen washed at Paris. Above these ruins, and on the summit of a rock, stands a castle with a romantic legend attached to it, of being the asylum of an English prince and princess, (title unknown) who marrying contrary to the wishes of their parents, were obliged to fly from England and seek a refuge on this very retired as well as romantic spot. Nor was it by any means an unattractive one, for all around, the scenery is magnificent, and the air most salubrious, and it bore, moreover, the celestial appellation of "Angel's Mount."

Thus, then, Jäger went on with his communications, till I began almost to suspect he might be one of those German book makers in disguise, who, I knew, travelled the country very much, for the specific purpose, in summer, of taking notes of all they saw and heard. But it ultimately turned out, he had been an old soldier, and a mounted member of Napoleon's body guard, which at once accounted for much information he also gave me respecting certain localities we passed, often the scenes of a skirmish or a battle between the late contending armies, if not the occasional halt of his own imperial master, and his more

imperious staff.

Salz, a decent little town which we were now entering, he said was better known to the common soldiers for its *superb* beer. Indeed, the place seemed to consist chiefly of brewers and drinkers of beer, if we might judge by the fumes of malt, and the swaggering, drunken boors who stood about, some of whom, Jäger told me, could drink fifty tumblers per diem.

Here, therefore, my wise counsellor advised me by no means to stop, but push on for Töplitz, where, he said, the hotels were worthy of those princes who so often sojourned at them.

To do this, however, we had previously to get through another curious hamlet, with still more attractive qualities! These presented themselves in the shape of syrens at the windows, who, as we journeyed along, with songs and signs beckoned us to "tarry awhile." To refuse them (especially as the inns appeared tolerably good) might seem ungallant; still, as my sage soldier—in language not, perhaps, so classical, but not less strong than Homer's—warned me to—

"Fly swift the dangerous coast, let every ear Be stopt against the song—it's death to hear; Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound, Nor trust thy virtue to the enchanting sound," I forbade the postillion to indulge his horses or himself with

any rest on such a spot.

He evidently wondered at my per

He evidently wondered at my pertinacity, but said nothing; he afterwards grumbled, however, furiously, at some ploughed fields we had to get over, while the high road was macadamizing.

Materials for the latter purpose, by the bye, they obtained here from a variety of rocks, which seem to have sprung out of the very earth at *stated* distances, and resembled in form so many tumuli of ancient art, instead of the lofty relics of nature they evidently were. They prove rather ornamental neighbours to a palace hereabouts, which I see described as "The remains of the interesting epoch of Wallenstein."

Some tale, of course, attaches to them; but over that the shades of night here cast its sable curtain.—I was glad to behold

shining before us, the lights of Töplitz!

We received a warm welcome at Le Roi de Prusse. A bright morning next day beamed upon the early hydropathists, who rose with the sun, and with their varied tongues made the little fountain seem a Temple of Babel! Their dresses, too, were very picturesque: Polish Jews, with furred cloaks and long beards, walked beside the fair Saxon, or the dark, moustachised inhabitants of Italy; while the women, at this hour even, rivalled each other in the latest of Parisian fashions!

There were, however, very few French people; and, what was still more strange, not a score of Englishmen. Prussians seemed the chief patrons of this place, which, on the whole, did credit

to their patronage.

Although no epicure, and generally indifferent to such matters, I was growing rather surfeited with the sour cookery of the Germans, and therefore strolled into the kitchen here, to see if I could get a plain, unacidulated dish. Truly, therefore, was I glad to find the chèf de cuisine a Frenchman, and rather amused when, on stating my wish, to hear him say,—"Ah! Oui, Monsieur, je vous donnerai à l'instant un bif-stek et pomme-de-terre." But what was my surprise at hearing an English voice behind him (a shrill female one, too!) exclaim—"Bah! what nonsense, sir; why, my Jean always thinks an Englishman can eat nothing but beef-steaks and potatoes; whereas, you know in England, sir, we like good soups and fricassees, as well as anybody."

Poor Jean understood quite enough of our language to comprehend the rebuke of his wife (for such it seems she was, having been the lady's maid to a foreign ambassador); and therefore proceeded to prove the extent of his knowledge in many other (at least, for a gourmand) agreeable forms; but alas! not for an invalid I could do justice to few. Still, I thanked him through

Madame, gave both an extra fee, and promised to recommend

their quarters pour l'avenir.

Here I thought the colloquy and feast had both ended; but she, woman-like, wishing to have "the last word," whispered to me, at parting, something about French husbands being great gaillards, which last word Jean unluckily overheard! So raising both hands, and his ladle, with great dignity, he said—"Monsieur, ne la croyez pas, ce n'est pas vrai. Ces soupçons m'offensent je vous assure." Whereupon thinking it high time to retire, I wished them good day, glad to escape the conjugal fracas.

My Italian lacquais de place (through the intervention of Jäger, no doubt, who had already begun to show me off) was waiting at the door of my chamber with an invitation to a ball, about to take place at the hotel of a Neapolitan prince, that

evening.

So, having promised his highness the honour of my company, I beguiled a few intermediate hours by one of those idle lounges through a strange place, which most travellers can well appreciate, and that one sometimes likes to do unfettered by a lacquais de place.

Still, I found it so difficult, among the lower orders, to find any speaking French, that I was obliged, after all, to summon my Cicerone to interpret; and then I picked up the following particulars, interspersed with many little bits of private scandal,

to which I dare not give publicity here.

Be content, therefore, pour le moment, with knowing that the baths here are of various gradations, beginning at the Statbad, a building which contains the three principal springs, and supplies first bathing water for lords and ladies, and such like.

Then they go on to fill up large vaults underground (supported by columns) wherein the citizens and their wives, as well as the poorer folks, perform their ablutions, cheaply and gratui-

tously.

The latter had all previously been cupped or leeched, why, I could not very satisfactorily make out, since the temperature of the water, being only 113 degrees, can hardly be hotter than at Bath.

The charge for a private dip, and for the best, is only twenty kreutzers, (about 3d.) and for the lowest, ten. There is, nevertheless, as at Carlsbad, a tax here, (of one or two florins) levied on each visitor, to pay for keeping up the public buildings, &c. To this no one could object, for really they, and the baths in the Hauptquelle, are almost royal, and would put to shame the best we have in England.

But these latter must mend shortly with us, or I wrong my

countrymen.

The landscape around Töplitz is beautiful, being interspersed with rocks of granitic porphyry, which I presume supply the agreeable trottoirs. On the whole, the pigs (not the stag) shewed great taste in selecting this spot for their stye, before they were ousted by civilized men and fashionable women.

The Neapolitan prince being ill the next day, our grand party was put off; so I beguiled the evening by strolling through the various *cafés*, and listening to a variety of German bands, which patrolled the streets, and enlivened "the darkening hour."

Indeed, I lingered to such a late hour that a curious incident followed! Jäger, (like his prince) being indisposed, had, after putting my apartments in order, retired early to bed. The landlord of our hotel, consequently thought I had done so too; for he shut up all his house, and when I returned home, admission was so difficult to obtain, that my Italian lacquais knocked and screamed in vain for nearly an hour, and I had serious fears of being left in the street till morning.

Now, beautiful moonlight as it was, there appeared something peculiarly disagreeable in this prospect for a wearied invalid; which my attendant perceiving, he kindly told me "to feel no alarm on that score, for his wife would readily turn out to accommodate me, and take her rest in an arm-chair, while he sought a lodging with a countryman next door!"

This ambiguous kind of accommodation, however, was rendered needless by the sleepy porter being at length roused, and admission obtained for me to my own comfortable apartments.

Still, it was a funny proposal.

Our route next day for Dresden was not without its interest, as we soon reached a spot where Brücher's son (so worthy of his sire!) being defeated in his endeavours, with a body of Russians, to drive back twice the number of French, was so affected by it, that he became a lunatic, and has ever since been in confinement at Berlin. His next brother, too, also retired from the army soon after. But the unhappy maniac himself, to this day, I understand, loudly raves about war, and daily issues his commands for battle, or his orders to marshal the army!

Peterswald excited our notice, en passant; principally on account of the beautiful horses they here attached to our calèche, a pair of greys, which the post-master said cost him only £15 each, and would assuredly have fetched 150 guineas the pair in England. They were 16-hands high, and of symmetry unrivalled. Their pace, too, soon carried us past the Austrian frontier unmolested, and we entered the lovely Saxon land of our forefathers! and how little do their descendants generally know what a sweet country it is! The price of posting, however, was increased, in consequence of the roads being improved.

The battle of Külm took place hereabouts, in which the Russian General Osterman, captured Vandamme, in 1813. An elegant cast-iron obelisk marks the spot; on the summit, an eagle bears the wreath of victory in its beak; while a brace of crouching lions at the base, and a fine medallion of the victor, crowns the whole.

My servant Jäger took a part in this unlucky engagement, which, he said, baulked Napoleon's plans most seriously; and orders were given to change the whole plan of proceedings in consequence. The emperor was then, I believe, quartered at Dresden, with 80,000 men; and there, thank God, we are now arrived too!

I see that this beautiful city and its environs will claim many a page in my journal, even during the short sojourn I make here. But you must be content with a few details as I noted

them down, and let "history record the rest!"

Napoleon loved the spot for its fidelity to him. It has, however, many other charms, which a traveller will soon find out. Perhaps I saw some of them with a partial eye, for my new courrier had already given me some brevet rank, (in which, of course, he participated) and although I could never discover exactly of what degree, I felt the good effects of it in many unexpected and undeserved attentions. Par exemple, — the landlords everywhere received me with low bows; the waiters anticipated my summons, and more than once did Prince Nesselrode even, who occupied an adjoining suite, ring his bell in vain, while mine was answered like electricity!

Then, again, the British minister's secretary sent me the English papers every evening, unasked for, (by me at least) and some noble natives left cards, which I had barely time to

acknowledge with mine, but seldom saw their owners.

Well, thought I, this ignorance may seem temporary bliss to some, but I would rather not be thus undeservedly blest! Yet "quoi faire?" Jäger would not plead guilty to any bombast, so

I submitted gently.

My laquais de place was here again: one of those decayed gentlemen who too often undertook of necessity, this easy, but somewhat derogatory duty; and I owe to him, therefore, many a curious history of the inhabitants, which he dared not have communicated to a native; and at the time the French revelled here, there were some strange occurrences, to be sure, of "gallant men and ladies fair."

At his earnest advice, I started by six next morning to see the Saxon Switzerland, a few miles distant. After passing through a valley of fertile fields and flowery villages, we crossed the Elbe in a horse boat, and landed near the king's beautiful seat of Pilnitz, already famed in history. We had scarcely entered the quadrangle, when a servant in the centre sounded a loud blast on his horn to announce the royal breakfast being ready. This he does for dinner again at one, and supper at seven—primitive hours, certainly! But his majesty is now seventy-four, and not likely to change them or his other habits any more. Among the latter, that of going to sleep after a meal is so strong, that as no guest dare rise till the king awakes, the queen is often obliged to arouse him by such a clatter of dishes, as generally succeeds.

We required no horn to attract us towards our humble meal at the "village inn," where the romantic hills and Tyrol-like forests glowed before us in all their varied beauty: the former seemed by nature carved into batteries, castles, statues, and pyramids, while many a gnarled root from the latter struck boldly out into the very paths before us. Here and there, too, were little mementos of the accidents which had befallen some stray shepherd or wandering sportsman, lured to the

fascinating precipice in search of his flocks or his game.

The whole are crowned by a curious stone table on the summit of a hill, at which the famed Augustus II, king of Poland, is said to have regaled himself and suite for many days,

when lost in the chace, -it is dated 1710.

On a distant point, we also beheld the celebrated, if not impregnable, fortress of Königstein, whose history contains the following anecdote of this very Augustus, viz:—That he once found a royal page sleeping and intoxicated on the edge of an outer wall, from whence the good-natured monarch quietly removed him. Every year afterwards the greatful serving-man came on the same day and hour to return thanks to that God, and bless the memory of that king, who had so mercifully saved him.

"But," said my conductor, turning from the pathetic to the ludicrous, "I had an English naval officer here t'other day, I think he called himself Colburn, who, wide awake, played such pranks, by running along the precipices and standing on the tops of the trees, that we sober Saxons all thought him very odd," and, tapping his stick, much as Yorick did the skull, he seemed to say "a pestilence on him for a mad rogue!"

"Why, even your vice-chancellor, Mons. Leech, sir," added my querist, was but little less grave here t'other day, in these exciting regions;" and, such indeed is the effect produced by a very refined atmosphere upon those unaccustomed to it, that I almost felt as though every healthful inhalation was a glass of

champagne.

On this account, it is said, that the large lunatic asylum was

built hereabouts (at Sorrenstein), and that few patients fail to

get par ially, if not totally, cured in twelve months.

One obdurate case there, however, is a curious one, being that of an adept at the pianoforte, who wants sense to put victuals into his mouth, absorbed, no doubt, in a passion for music: but, how strong must it be thus to prevail over hunger and thirst!

This interesting and lovely day was concluded by a short rest on the spot where Moreau fell at the seige of Dresden, marked by a little monument erected by the Emperor of Russia, whom the poor general was passing, at the very moment a spent ball from the French battery took off both his legs, although distant nearly two miles from the city.

This royal memento consists of one square block of granite, six feet high, and four broad, surmounted by an iron helmet, over a wreath and sword; while on the pedestal is inscribed in German—" Here lies Moreau, the warrior, who fell by the side

of Alexander, 27th August, 1813.

The wounded hero was first conveyed to Prague, where he died, but was buried at St. Petersburg, and there, I understand,

the simple word " MOREAU " forms his epitaph.

The spot, however, on which this monument stands, marks also the central position of the allied armies, which was so admirably chosen to command Dresden, that it was said, nothing but a want of union among Prussians and Austrians caused the siege to be a failure.

Thus do the vanquished always find an excuse for themselves: it is a balm to the wounded, and may well be for-

given them!

In spite of all the fighting within and without their beautiful city, the Saxons have marvellously preserved those fine collections wherewith it abounds. To be sure, they had the French for friends instead of foes, and there is something in that, as

everybody knows, who knows them.

Their collection of armoury fills at least twenty rooms; some with every warlike weapon which can be imagined—others with splendid suits for man and horse, wherewith, in the days of Augustus II. of Poland, it was the fashion to caparison both. Even now they seemed to glitter with gold and precious stones; while plumes six feet high, nodded o'er the whole; but our Saxon sires must have been very gigantic fellows to wield such mighty spears, though to be sure, they were trained to it from infancy, as several pairs of little iron breeches clearly showed us. Many a shield bore the motto, then, which in these more effeminate days adorns a lady's seal, and applied to love or war, with giants, cupids, darts, and spears.

It was a relief, after lingering for some hours in these chambers, to saunter away through the Great Garden, as it is called, about a mile from the city, enjoying the warmth of a July sun, and dreaming away an hour over past times in that turf-built amphitheatre, which the great Augustus raised, and which I believe, few travellers see.

While so engaged, a curious thing occurred to me, that in the days of Roman augury would have been thought prophetic.

A large hawk, that had been for some time hovering round us, all at once dropped a beautiful bird at my feet. The poor creature, which resembled our woodcock, was still warm, but dead from loss of blood, apparently drawn out at its neck, where a deep wound shewed the mark of an awful beak. My conductor begged permission to return and stuff the victim, which I granted.

This is Sunday: and a strange anomaly does it present, in the attendance of a monarch and his family at the Roman Catholic chapel, while their subjects, who are chiefly followers of the

Protestant religion, go elsewhere.

Let me hope I shall be forgiven for seeking the former place of worship on such an occasion, rather than mingle with my

brethren of the latter tenets, as perhaps I ought.

But the service in both will be in a language, rendered unintelligible to me, and I can alike, in silence, offer up my grateful orisons in either, to that God from whom I receive so many blessings.

In justice to the venerable monarch now I must confess that he and his little circle exhibited great fervour and apparent

devotion throughout.

The music, as might be expected, was grand, and echoed throughout the elegant structure in most imposing sounds. The sacerdotal robes, too, glittered with gorgeous colours, as the sun shone upon them, and odours rose around us, while we sat in the gallery (so unusual in catholic churches,) opposite to the seats of royalty. Still, I sighed for the more solumn grandeur of our own cathedrals, and the simplicity of our own village church.

The service over, we joined the throng, which, forming a passage at the entrance, awaited the arrival of his majesty and suite to pass. While there, I could perceive others had been attracted by, perhaps even less pardonable motives than curiosity; for a fine tall Bohemian gypsey-like woman, adorned with necklace and bracelets of gold, stood near me; and perceiving, perhaps, I was a foreigner, enquired in French, if I did

not think it all very fine, adding,-

"Mais, Monsieur, puisque vous etes Protestant, que faites vous ici?"

How could she know this, thought I.

"Vous avez raison, Mademoiselle," I replied; "mais je ne suis ici que pour le Dimanche, et vous pour toujours peut-etre!"

She smiled and said,—

"Non! du tout! Je n'arrive qu'aujourdui de Prague, et je dois vraiment retourner demain. Je suis Protestant comme vous. Suivez moi et je vous en dirai plus."

Now there was something so odd about all this, that I felt half inclined to follow the woman, when my attendant (again

erhaps, my guardian angel) said,-

"Sir, you had better not; she belongs to a roguish lot, that travel the country, in almost every capacity, and may lead you into trouble."

I bethought me of the augury of the morning, and turned back, much to the surprise of my stately Bohemian, who shook her fan significantly at the poor lacquais for having acted such a treacherous part, and seemed to say, (in vulgar parlance) "I owe you one."

But enough of these little incidents, which I only introduce here to shew the peculiar manners of the different people with

whon I come in contact en route.

To-morrow, however, shall be devoted to a gallery of pictures already so famed throughout the world, that it will approach presumption, perhaps, on my part, to criticise any one of them.

THE CHILDREN'S MAY-MORN HYMN.

BY C. E. NUGENT.

Father of Good! be thine the praise

For all our blessings here,
E'er point our path, and guide our ways,
Thy presence ever near,
And we with grateful hearts will bless
The Giver of our happiness.

How sweet the spring! the boon is thine—
The fields with verdure spread,
The wild-rose tree it seems t' entwine
A Garland o'er our head,
Still let us bear in mind to pray
For a Wreath that ne'er may fade away.

Yon streamlet brightly bubbles forth
In all its early pride,
A few short hours, and hush'd its mirth,
Lost in the ocean wide;
Its voice, so silver-toned and clear,
Bids us not count our long home here.

We feel our morn, unclouded hour,
Too quickly may pass by,
Ere noon, perchance, the storm-clouds lower,
All darken'd is our sky;
If such our lot, oh! teach us then
To cheerful wend our path of pain.

When Evening shadows close around,
Oh! waft our thoughts on high,
To where true joy and peace is found
In realms beyond the sky,
Where those beloved on Earth shall meet,
Bow low before the mercy-seat.

Then deign accept our mattin song
Of prayer and praise to thee,
Thou God to whom all gifts belong
For now and Eternity,
And we will never cease to bless
The Giver of our happiness.

A FEW YEARS IN THE LIFE OF JOHN TEMPLEMAN.

BY JOHN WEBB.

CHAPTER XII.*

WHEREIN A BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION IS MADE KNOWN, AND OUR HERO'S PRIDE RECEIVES AN INSULT.

In a former chapter I mentioned the name of Grogson; and, in connection with it, the institution of the "Back Door Tap." This refuge of the thirsty was—if the word of the founder could be taken—solely originated for the purpose of adding to the convenience and comfort of the gentlemen of Messrs. Block, Blunt, and Co.'s Establishment. For them Grogson lived, with them Grogson was at home, without them Grogson was unhappy; and, as Grogson knew that the more their little feelings and wants were encouraged, the more they would increase, and the more gratification they would feel in supplying and satisfying them, he made it the grand study of his life first to create, and then to minister to a great variety of hungrinesses, thirstinesses, and ennui. In this, Grogson proved himself a true statesman; and carried out, to its full extent, the ingenious old plan of nursing the weeds, and then daintily destroying them.

To this end, billiards had he, of approved construction; snuggeries, for smoking and drinking, was he celebrated for; compounds, of cunning device, and luscious taste, did he retail; and he provided, for the benefit of his "friends," a lunch at

twelve, "free gratis for nothing."

Grogson established this free lunch also for one only reason, and, in his own emphatic words, "It was for the gents of Messrs: Blocks' particularly, that he set it up. Many he had known for many years, and many years more he hoped to be their humble servant, for he had always felt their interest to be his, and as long as they stood by him he would, yes, he would, stand by them; and as he thought it would be not disagreeable

^{*} Continued from page 409, vol. lvii.

to them, at least he found it necessary himself, to take a bit of something in the middle of the day, there it was always ready

at twelve, and to-it-they-were-wel-come."

It was a clever bait, Grogson. You were keen enough to know that the shadow of a good motive is very anxiously sought for by tender consciences before they do wrong; and well you knew that many a young fellow had first spent an evening at your orgies, from a principle of repaying your kindness and the free lunch.

Pale, faint, dreadfully ill, trembling in every limb, poor John Templeman sat in one of Grogson's chairs at twelve o'clock of

the day after his first folly.

He had not been home. His bewildered brain and nerveless heart suggested nothing; and to go to the counting-house more dead than alive, and from it to sink, rather than walk, into Mr. Grogson's domicile, was all he was capable of. To a series of encouraging remarks from that worthy host, who assured him that he would be all right in an hour, and wanted to physic him with brandy, he only replied "No, no," very feebly; and with shakings to and fro of his head, which seemed full of living aches, he sat there dismally.

Minutes dragged their heaviness along like hours. "When, oh! when will it be night?" he groaned; "and what shall I say

to Ellen?"

The thought had no sooner passed through his tortured brain, than one of the clerks came to tell him that a lady wished to see him.

"My wife," said he, starting, as if shot, and a burning blush, ill as he was, spread over all his face.

"I'll tell her you'll come," said the other.

Dashing water over his face, hastily smoothing his dishevelled hair, and casting one glance at his bloodshot eyes, he went to meet her in the warehouse.

Yes, it was she, with as pale a face, and as trembling a form as his own. With eyes cast down, and shame in his whole attitude, he advanced and met her without a word.

"Oh, John, John! why did you not tell me you should not

come home?" she sobbed.

In an instant he perceived, or thought that he did, that to her mind the fault was not his absence, but the fact of not announcing it; and with as much coolness as he could assume, he said that "he was very, very sorry; but that he could not help it, and he hoped that she would forgive him."

"Oh, you know that John; but I was so frightened. I have not slept all night, and I feared some dreadful accident had

happened," said she.

"Oh no, you need not have thought that; I was safe enough. But why be so anxious for me? I told you not to sit up; and

really there was no cause for alarm," he replied.

Just then a clerk brushed by, with a quick glance at her tearful look and imploring attitude; and as he sped away into the mazy perspective of the warehouse, John thought he saw a curl of his lip, as if half in pity for her or scorn for him. The thought, ridiculous as it was, stung him to the quick. It was intolerable that any one should presume to compassionate his wife, and he told her hurriedly that her visit there was not very convenient,—that he was busy, and it looked odd for her to be there.

Women very quickly detect these feelings, and some resent them; but Ellen was the soul of gentleness, and only said she

knew she must be in the way, and would go.

"Good bye, dearest, till tea-time," said she, and then hastened away. Out of sight of him, the tears flowed again, and all the way home she thought of nothing but his pale face and evident illness.

Entering the counting-house after this meeting, John found that he was a general object of observation, and that a supercilious smile was upon the face of one or two of the clerks. He whispered to Crossley for an explanation of this; that gentleman however, evaded the question, and assured him that it was nothing.

"Do I not see them with a sneer even now?" indignantly

asked the other.

"Well then, will you promise me faithfully to keep your temper if I tell you what they are laughing at?" said his friend; and at once the promise was given.

"They thought you were out of leading strings by this time,

that's all," said Mr. Crossley.

"What do you mean?" replied John, sharply.

"Pooh, pooh! I don't suppose your'e blind," was the only explanation given; and with that John was fain to be content.

All the rest of that day the words "leading strings," were before his mind; and from shame at his own folly, he passed into a very high degree of anger that he should be insulted by a visit from his wife, "who," thought he, "ought to have known

that I was capable of taking care of myself."

With thoughts of this kind was poor Ellen repaid for her night of watching, and anxious visit in the morning; and with a heart full of injustice and ingratitude, did our young hero seek his home that evening. This did not manifest itself in words, but a new kind of feeling seemed to have come over him. There were frequent and embarrassed pauses in the conversa-

tion, and instead of the numerous little attentions so usual between them, there were fits of absence of mind, from which he continually recovered to be studiously polite, and then to fall into them again. The looks of love and pride with which John regarded his wife always before, were wanting, and instead of looking into her eyes, he avoided her anxious glances, and both were very miserable.

This uncandid transition from the feeling of being the offending person, to ill-temper, is not unfrequent in more persons than our friend, and if encouraged, leads to very many scenes of unhappiness. The only safeguard or remedy, is a little honesty in seeing our own faults. Mr. Templeman, however, tried to persuade himself that he had no faults to see, and therefore confidence was disturbed;—which once lost, what may not follow.

Ellen made several efforts, like a good wife as she was, to dispel these cloudy looks, but without success. The evening dragged heavily along, and the time to retire came. As John was going up stairs in the dark, a gleam of light from behind travelled along the wall, and turning his head he saw to his amazement, at the bottom of the stairs, the very girl whose appearance had surprised him at the entertainment of the evening before. She was deadly pale; her whole aspect was that of utter wretchedness; upon her face were the marks of violent grief, and although so young, there was an expression as if whole years of experience and heavy sorrow had fallen upon her. He had scarcely time to notice these details before she again disappeared into the cellar abode of Mrs. Nibbles, and all was dark as before.

Profoundly reflecting upon this circumstance he could not sleep, and hour after hour the sound of the church clocks fell

upon his waking ear.

At last the night had far advanced, and the heavy blackness of darkness rested upon everything, and gradually sleep stole over his eyelids. From the state he was roused by a dull undefined sound of crying; and listening to ascertain what it was, found that his wife heard it too. It proceeded from the cellar, in which persons appeared to be engaged in altercation and reproaches, while above all rose a voice of appealing

anguish.

With awe struck hearts, both listened to the sounds which seemed so mysterious and awful in the dead of night, but they could distinguish no words, and presently the voices grew fainter and fainter, until subdued sobs were all that was heard, and the house was quiet. Both Ellen and John forgot their own trouble in the greater woe that was evidently existing down stairs; and conversed in whispers about it for a long while; and it was not until the grey dawn rendered everything in the room distinctly visible, that they slept.

The glorious day broke. All the sights and sounds which tell of a million active spirits in one vast city, woke up; but before this the unhappy girl had left the house, and shrinking from every eye, hurried along the street; no one knew where, nor shall we follow her to enquire.

Nor did John Templeman like to ask any questions from Mrs. Nibbles's daughter Eliza, as she made her appearance with the breakfast, although her eyes were red, and her face pale, and it was evident that she had been a participator in the scene,

whatever that was, that had occurred.

Very few men, and especially such as our hero, have that tact, or rather sympathy, which draws forth all that a wounded spirit has to reveal. The strong man, full of life, and eager to press forward in pursuit of whatever may happen to be the ruling passion of his soul, scarcely knows what sorrow is, and has not time to learn. It is only the heart of childhood, which has not yet been filled with ambition, or that of the old who have done with toil and scrambling after existence, that can really listen and pity.

But Ellen knew more of the matter than John was aware of. Mrs. Nibbles had several times hinted in a low, and scarcely audible voice, that Eliza was not the only one of her children left to her, but that she had not seen the other for a long while. Ellen determined, therefore, to ask some questions on the subject. The opportunity very soon occurred, and it did not require much pressing to gain the history of the

absent one.

"She had always been a self-willed girl," said Mrs. Nibbles, "and was very little under control; always would go to parties, and amusements, whether we approved of them or not: and in this way she got acquainted with a great many people that I knew nothing of. Then she had a pretty notion of singing, and was led by flattery into a great deal of pleasure. I never could get her to do her duty at home, or help her sister and me; she always wanted to practise songs, and dance; and never seemed to care about anything else. Her father did what he could, while he lived, to amuse her, and hired a piano, and let her take lessons from a teacher, who charged very low. That, I think, was the beginning of her ruin; for he persuaded her to sing at some concert-room in a public house, and then—then—a young man, who used to go there often, became intimate with her, and at last led her away, and she left us."

To this tale of folly and sorrow Ellen had no reply, but sincerely to mingle her tears with those of her landlady, which

began to flow.

"She came home last night," added Mrs. Nibbles, " for the

first time since she went away. She said she was hungry, and came to ask for food and money; but she would not stay though I begged her to ce so—yes, upon my knees. She went away again, and would not tell us where, or to whom. I tried to follow her, but she said she would drown herself if I did, and I was obliged to turn back."

CHAPTER XIII.

INTRODUCTIONS.

QUIET people cannot be quiet always; and the abode of Mr. Todkins was destined to be very considerably disturbed about this time; for Julia Hoddles—the merry, vivacious, daring, Julia Hoddles—was coming to visit her friend, Mary, and her very

good humoured butt, Tom.

Where Julia was, there was no peace. When she entered a house, everything and everybody was destined to bow to the spirit of mischief that possessed her. Her whole life was one long course of fun. Fun mantled on her cheeks and dimpled them,—fun danced in the wild curls that flew about with every breath of wind, or fell half across her face like a curtain, from behind which roguish looks flashed like lightning. You could not look at her without laughing, and then when you did begin an expansion of the countenance, it was quite impossible to confine it again to its ordinary limits, for raillery, punning and outrageous comicality left no time for anything else.

Grave people would sometimes look very serious at the frolics of the country girl; starched misses would often elevate their eyebrows at her numerous departures from propriety; very strict mammas would wonder much that a girl should be brought up with such strange notions, but the old gentlemen, and the young ones too, crowded round her and submitted to be

bantered and teased as much as she pleased.

This, then, was the visitor who was coming to disorganise all the arrangements and particularities of Mr. Todkins, senior, and propel very much beyond his usual pace the easy Mr. Todkins, junior, which she did from the very first moment that her letter came with the intelligence of her intended arrival. There were grave consultations upon the best way to "arrange about the

train;" a host of particular and intricate directions to Tom about the time, and dress she would wear so that he should see her the moment the said train came in; a very careful survey of all the guides and maps, with a view to excursions; and a great many lists to be written of friends who were to come and see the young lady.

At last the day came, and everything was ready. Tom arrayed himself in his choicest apparel, and after a repetition of all the directions of the last week, proceeded to the station to

meet Miss Julia Hoddles.

Everybody knows what it is to meet a friend that is "coming by the train"-how we calculate the time with scrupulous exactness for several hours before; and are five minutes too late perhaps after all; how we arrive in a great place called the terminus, where we gaze with bewilderment at the vast, lofty shed with its countless pillars and skylights, beneath which we feel an overwhelming sense of insignificance; how we tremble at the sight of huge machines which slowly move about with internal crashes at intervals of ten seconds each, and then cough furiously as if afflicted with steam somewhere down their throats the wrong way; how the labelled men in corduroys raise and wheel great boxes and bundles about as if they had the strength of cast iron; how the whole atmosphere of the great place seems full of confusion, noise, and hurry, and how you have a secret dread that something will blow up and whirl the whole affair aloft into the air. Presently a shrill whistle is heard, a mile off, and men who have been invisible before, start into life, and look out for something a long way off; then you see a long line of coaches moving like a great serpent, swiftly yet steadily along; it comes nearer, and grows in size till it looks like a moving row of houses; gliding on with such a solid, resistless look, that it seems as if the crowd of carriages would be crushed into atoms by its arrival. But no! just at the moment when another yard's progress would grind the place to pieces, it stops; twenty doors fly open with a jerk, and a crowd of people in all sorts of costumes are popping in and out like "jacks in the box," shouting, running blindly about, tugging at huge trunks, or trying to carry as many bundles as they have fingers. Porters are talking to everybody and answering six questions at once; cabs are making furious charges amongst other cabs, and tearing out of the yard with mountains of luggage on the roof, inside, and in front; omnibuses grow tall, till they look like towers outside, and take in people till one would think they were only passages to somewhere else, and then are dragged heavily away; and finally, almost before you have time to notice all this, the platform is again clear, and no trace is left of the bustling crowd of a few minutes before.

Three times did Tom Todkins see this process, and three times he felt sure there was some mistake. The fourth came, and again he rushed about among the arrivals, this time with success, for there Julia was, sure enough. No less than three gentlemen were actively engaged in her service — in a moment she had sent several porters hurry-scurrying after her luggage. Tom approached with extended hand, and was quite electrified by the very prompt manner in which the little lady saluted and set him in motion with the rest. In another moment he was riding along by her side, with his legs cruelly restrained by a large box, another falling every minute on his knees, and his hands full of divers articles, the least trifling of which was a rose tree, growing in a particularly ponderous flower-pot.

Greetings at home over, all the news retailed, and the occurences of the journey described, numerous schemes of pleasuretaking were propounded and discussed. There appeared, however, to be two things indispensible—a party and a pic-nic.

Tom had for some time wished very much to introduce Mr. Templeman and his wife to his father, and this appearing to be an excellent opportunity, the subject was discussed, a motion made

and passed.

Julia was delighted at the idea. "It would be charming to see a couple of real lovers, lovers of the true romantic school which was almost extinct in private life, though still common in

print."

Mr. Crossley also was included in the list, as being John's very particular friend and Mentor, and the party was settled to be held first, because a pic-nic is not the best occasion for an introduction, and all the participators therein should be acquainted

with each other.

"What odd persons one meets in railway trains," suddenly broke in Julia. "I declare I have been as much amused at my fellow-travellers as if I had been to a museum. old gentleman was muffled up and asleep the whole distance. and might as well have been put into the luggage-van, like a parcel, which would have been the best place, for he lay snoring all the way. Another, a great man, with moustachios, was so excessively dignified and stately, that he sat upright, like a statue, and did'nt answer anyone that spoke to him. As for poor I, he looked at me as if I had no right there, and stared when I talked and laughed with the three gentlemen you saw, Mr. Thomas, as if he was amazed at my boldness. Really he did nothing but look at everything, as if it interfered with his notions of propriety. Poor man, I am sure that his hauteur was very troublesome to him."

"I wonder that you were not afraid to travel alone," said Mary.

"Afraid, my dear? replied Julia.

"Yes, in the presence of so many strangers."

"Oh! not in the least" said Julia; "people are not so brave and fierce as they would have it believed of them. The gentleman with the stately manner, even, did not alarm me, for I could see that he was as frightened as poor little I, at every unusual noise or shaking of the carriage. Once, when we stopped rather suddenly, he turned quite white, and began to make such grimaces, that his moustachios seemed to crawl about his face. However, I was tolerably occupied all the time by the conversation of the others, who kept instructing me every mile about the views and places we passed through, and bowing and 'Miss this, and Miss that'ing'—I'm sure they did all they could to be very polite, though they were perhaps rather troublesome."

"Ah! well," said old Mr. Todkins, "you are unmerciful to your companions; but you did not for a moment suspect, I suppose, that anyone might by chance be equally amused at you. We all have our oddities, and all are fond of laughing at those of others who see us, while we see only them."

"I don't think, sir, I'm an ill-natured critic, at any rate,"

said Julia, with a demure look.

"Like most young observers who review their neighbours, you have a keener eye for failings than beauties, I dare say," replied the old gentleman. "You must never forget that the critic's office is to point out the jewels that lie scattered beneath the surface; or," continued he, warming with the subject, "he may be compared to the industrious miner, who gropes among the darkness for gold, but who is not thanked if he only brings up dross."

Whenever Mr. Todkins was thus disposed to be oratorical upon matters slightly beyond him, the son and daughter let him have his way, and never opposed his views. Julia very soon observed this, and the ponderous attack that was in preparation to elucidate further this knotty point, was not needed for want of her defence, whereupon, he became elated, and de-

clared that she was beaten.

An hour or two more of talking and rest was necessary for the traveller, and the house was for a few hours quiet again.

Next morning, Tom Todkins hurried into the city to invite Messrs. Templeman and Crossley to the assemblage of "a few friends," to be holden in a day or two. Both accepted the invitation; the latter with some surprise, as such an affair was rather new to him. Young men, circumstanced as he was, of

whom there are too many thousands in this striving, struggling London, have very few or no opportunities of being present at family parties of this kind. Possessing the united characters of of bachelors, lodgers, and workers early and late, they have little time; and it they had the time, have no introductions that would answer the purpose, and bring them into society. Failing this, they have no resourse but their own dreary amusements, which are too often of a doubtful character.

It is difficult to know how to remedy this; but, perhaps, it lies very much with young men themselves to procure the blessings of good society; for a young man who is steady—who can talk about something besides the weather, his trade, or the theatre, may find a circle to his taste; and all young men will probably be admitted into domestic circles, when they can

leave bad passions, habits, and tastes, behind them.

Numerous, therefore, were the questions propounded by Mr. Crossley, as to the sort of people "those Todkins's" were, and as numerous the misgivings entertained by that young man's mind, as to how he should enjoy himself on the occasion. It was arranged that he should accompany the Templeman's, and

that they should set out from John's house.

The time very soon came, and the two young men walked to Islington together. Arrived there, the ceremony of introduction to Ellen was performed, and, as she had not heard the name "Crossley" mentioned in Mrs. Nibble's narrative, she was very polite and smiling to the much-talked-of friend of her husband. Nor was the respect of our hero diminished either, as he had, for reasons of his own, not chosen to ask questions about the girl he had seen. For the first time that John could remember, Mr. Crossley was nervous and fidgetty about his appearance, on the road to Mr. Todkins. He seemed dubious upon the subject of his dress, and whispered several inquiries of his friend, whether they were likely to meet people in full dress, and wished he had put on a different coat, waistcoat, &c. His uneasiness was soon terminated by the arrival of the cab at the house of his host, and Mr. Crossley found himself in a new sphere; -a sphere, moreover, which seemed to agitate and embarrass him much. The whole aspect of the place and company, which was numerous, impressed him with a feeling of painful inferiority, and the atmosphere of the house was thoroughly uncongenial. It was no wonder, therefore, that he blundered through introductions, and blushed and stammered at everything that was said to him, and quite distressed his back by a continual series of profound, but unnecessary, bows. John Templeman, who was at home at once, was surprised at this, which was too evident to escape notice, but speedily became so much occupied with himself, to observe the movements

of his companion, who quietly vanished into a corner, where he looked miserable, and longed for an escape into his own

society and pleasures.

Julia affected a state of high glee at the prospect of a serious conversation with the hero of a romance of real life; and while a knot of eager talkers was formed round Mr. Heavyton, who was giving some sound views of music and musical men; and Ellen was holding a confidential conversation with Mary Todkins, contrived, by a series of elevations of the eyebrows, and well-sustained homage to the great Mr. John, to draw from him a great variety of original opinions upon matters which he knew nothing about. Politics, literature, and art, were all discussed with particular freedom, by the immaculate young man, who little thought of the malicious description with which the young lady, who seemed so gratefully attentive for his instruction, would convulse the Todkins' household next day.

Beware! young men of voluble tongues, of these sly, quiet listeners, who let you ramble on from flower to flower of your rhetorical display; and don't forget to stop before you have made too great an exposure of your own second-hand brains. The overflowing of patronizing kindness you feel, and which prompts you to tell all you know, and a good deal more besides; is not always reciprocated by your vis-a-vis, and you may accumulate a pretty character for vanity and folly before you know it, for these people whom you lecture so much, are far too polite to correct your mistakes, or to tell you when you become

ridiculous.

Mr. Crossley was more wise, and, as we have said, had retreated to a corner. Mr. Todkins was, however, kind enough to find him out and talk to him, and found him agreeable; for the old gentleman loved to hear of the battle field of trade which he had left with honour, and when he found a listener would tell of old exploits and city campaigns with great glee.

The result of this introduction was, therefore, that John Templeman lost ground when he most tried to keep it, and Mr. Crossley tumbled into a good opinion when he did not expect it.

All the diverse elements of the company amalgamated into a dance soon after this, and the handsomely furnished and well-lighted room, with its circle of happy young people, became a pleasant scene for every one, and smiles and joy beamed in the faces of all. Mr. Crossley forgot the existence of the genteel Mr. Fuddleton; Julia forgot to quiz, and, which is more to be wondered at, our friend John forgot all about himself.

Theophilus Short was conspicuous also, by reason of his efforts to overcome his shyness, in which endeavour he was encouraged by the altered demeanour of Miss Foster, who was to him more considerate than formerly. He had, indeed, daring enough to

ask her to dance, which she did, and escaped with only one tear of the skirt of her dress by the awkward feet of the young minister.

Then came supper, and upon a view of a long table in another room, around which a laughing assembly sits, and upon which are dainty viands, ruby wine, and sparkling glass, the curtain falls.

Did Ellen Templeman ever think, in the midst of scenes like these, of her parents, and her former home? We fear not much. She did not know how much that home was changed, and what a heavy grief seemed to rest upon it. Mr. Grubthorpe had desired her name never to be mentioned in his presence, and had locked her chamber door, which remained just as it was upon the night of the flight. He took long solitary walks, and a settled melancholy was apparent in his face and manner. People said how altered he was, and were astonished to see what a change can come over a man in a few short months. For all that, when a letter came from Ellen to ask forgiveness, he put it away without breaking the seal. Her mother secluded herself entirely at home.

CHAPTER XIV.

A PICNIC.

What London pulse does not beat high, what London pair of eyes does not brighten at the prospect of an excursion into the country: what weary dweller amongst this wilderness of bricks and mortar does not revive in spirit at the thoughts of broad green fields, shady lanes, and tall hedges. Even the dusty souls at Messrs. Block, Blunt, and Co's heard of the proposed day's holiday of the two young men with longings for a little more air than they were accustomed to, and a little more sky than

usually gladdened their sight.

All the necessary arrangements for this party were made by Tom Todkins and a committee; and not a little provision was made of provisions, and of the means of amusement. One of those very extensive boats, called shallops, with room for thirty people, and a roof over head to keep off sun or rain, was engaged for the occasion, and the whole of the company was desired to be at the landing-place at ten precisely, and informed that no person would be waited for. For a whole week there were meetings of this said committee held, who debated all the questions that arose in a solemn and stately manner, issued their orders and cards with no small dignity, and spent some few hours in the discussion of each point of the proceed-

ings. It was seriously inquired by one member of this domestic parliament whether a piano could not be placed on board, and another indulged in dreamy horrors about sticking in the mud,—a method of detention common up the river. But the principal resolutions which were carried, and inscribed upon a large sheet of paper by Tom, were to the effect——

1.—That a pic-nic should be held. 2.—That — should be the day for the said pic-nic. 3.—That the company should be who the committee liked. 4.—That the company should do what the committee liked: and, 5.—That the committee should

do what they liked themselves.

And with these arrangements, of course, the committee were quite satisfied. Those who could play any portable instrument were requested to bring it; those who had colds were desired to leave them at home; and all were informed that a pleasant day was anticipated, if the weather was favourable, which, of course, it was certain to be.

And the weather was favourable, the infinite relief of everybody, who watched the dawn and sunrise with alternate hopes and fears, and viewed every cloud that sailed across the sky with unfriendly feelings towards it and clouds in general. The tide was propitious, the boat was ready, and the party all arrived in time, even including Mr. Heavyton, whose bass fiddle loomed in the distance upon the shoulders of a small boy. violin of Mr. Short was in attendance, and the flute of Mr. Tom; and a pale, interesting youth had brought a cornopean, which he intended to perform upon during the voyage. friend Crossley was magnificently arrayed for the occasion in the approved costume of fresh-water sailors—to wit, a pea-jacket, enormous trousers, a vast display of turned down shirt collar, and a cap with anchor buttons. He had evidently arranged in his mind to come out in a strong style, and determined to make himself perfectly at home; a resolution which had been fostered by a few hints from John Templeman, about gentlemen being always at their ease in society.

Tom Todkins would insist upon taking charge of the navigating of the vessel, and leaving behind an experienced mariner, who would have come for "a consideration." Arranging the company with a view to the rowing, he gave the word; the rope

was untied, and the shallop moved off.

The exertions of inexperienced sailors are not always graceful, and result in much confusion, and no progress; and our friends were not exceptions to the rule, for the boat speedily presented the appearance of a crab which had lost the control over its numerous legs, and crawled along anyhow. This was remedied, however, before very long, and they began to progress to that everlasting "Canadian boat song," the never-omitted chorus of

pic-nic mariners; while the gentleman with the cornopean attempted an accompaniment of an original description, consisting of blowing a tremendous and discordant note, and then pulling the instrument to pieces, to see what was the matter with its inside.

Once on the move, they glided along merrily past the Palace of Lambeth, the Bridge of Vauxhall, Battersea, with its Bed House and pigeon shooting, Chelsea, and its hospital, Battersea Bridge, Putney, and Fulham. Arrived at Hammersmith, the scenery, till then uninteresting, began to assume a very picturesque appearance; and lovely views of woody nooks and land-scapes met the eye at every few yards. Now the stately mansion of the Duke of Northumberland—now the ivy-clad tower of Isleworth Church; while, all the way, the swans dotted the surface of the smooth wa'er with their snowy forms. And, lastly, to the sound of merry music, they swept round a bend in the river, and saw before them the end of the journey—Richmond.

Here a meeting was held; and the party arranged how to spend the four hours at their disposal. Some were for a dance; some for this, and some for that; but the majority, of course, voted for Richmond Hill, and the "finest view in England." So they set out with light footsteps, and lighter hearts, in knots

of twos and threes, through the town.

What a view that is! Miles and miles, as far as eye can reach, you look upon a landscape, the grandeur of whose massive foliage, and picturesque combination of forest scenery, is not to be surpassed; while through the midst winds the Thames, like a path of silver. There are, probably, indeed I remember one near Hinton St. George, in Somerset, more extensive, and, in vast outline, perhaps more striking; but where shall we see a picture so suggestive of the forest dell, and the shady grove, as this?—where shall we see a landscape so immense, and yet so full of nature's luxuriance, upon the grandest scale?

Our party gazed long and earnestly, as all do, and exclamations of delight broke spontaneously from their lips. But they could not stay long, for the boat was a responsibility that precluded any arrangement to avoid rowing home, although, with the proverbial recklessness of excursionists, one or two would have been almost content to let it drift back with the tide. Refreshment was also to be dispatched, and that was lodged in the boat; so, with many a longing look, they, in another hour,

turned to go.

That was an uncommonly snug little dinner-party in the floating saloon; and the cool breath of Œolus fanned them delightfully; pleasant odours of flowers played round them all the while, and saucy swans came to be fed at the sides. But who,

in scenes like these, could linger long over the costliest banquet? Who could prefer the most ruby wine to that rarity to city folk, a real mouthful of real air. Talk of champagne! why, the magic influence of a draught of the pure breeze is twice as exhilerating, and quite harmless withal. It brings the rose back into the cheek of the pent-up citizen, lights up again the fire in his eyes, and sends the blood dancing gaily through veins, a considerable number of which have, perhaps, thought their days of work were over.

What wonder, then, that our party became very lively—even boisterous, and that a resolution was put and carried, nem. con.—that they row across the river, to a large meadow, and have a dance. A real dance! not a languid series of postures, very elegant doubtless, and rather dull, but a downright, earnest, skip hand-in-hand in the grass; a skip that all could join in without much troubling of their heads about "steps and positions;" in short, as we said before, a real dance.

And they did dance, too! With flying hair, and busy feet, and merry laughter, they flew round in a ring such as not one

of them had ever formed a part of before.

Amidst all this, Mr. Crossley began to have a glimmering of a new feeling, and when, now and then, the remembrance of a certain pale faced girl and midnight orgies flitted across his mind, he tried to banish it at once. Mr. Heavyton gathered much hope, which grows freely in the open fields. Mr. Short seemed visibly magnified into a lively lad, and Julia kept everybody in a state of incessant laughter by a continual volley of fun.

So two hours more flew by; the secretary announced that the hour of departure had arrived, and that, whether or no, the dance must end. It was not more than a half-hour before he was listened to as a most unreasonable tyrant, bent upon their serious annoyance; and at the end of this time he was obliged to capture the rebellious Julia, who was ringleader in a sort of small "emeute," and march her "vi et armis" to the boat.

"Here we are, going home again," said some; "what a delightful day we have spent," said all, as they glided on over the waters, on whose surface, the afternoon sun's rays flashed like gold. The musical gentlemen volunteered their performance, and beautiful strains, to which people on the shores stood to listen, floated around them; and with joy within, and all the beauties of flood and field around, that boat was as pleasant an object as ever figured in a book, or was painted into the foreground of a picture.

Jane Foster, the terrible, the austere, had so softened in her demeanour to Theophilus Short, during all the day, that the youth had quite come out of his shell, and lost all his fear of her. Nay, it was shrewdly remarked by Mr. Crossley that

they several times happened to come together, and talked much. There are some who can never see this sort of friendship without building up ingenious speculations thereupon, but none need have done so in this instance. Mr. Short had been educated properly, and so had Miss Foster, and they talked together for the simple reason that mutual knowledge gave mutual pleasure. Still strange ideas rose in the young pastor's mind; and when the shades of evening had begun to close around, and the boat touched the starting point once more, amidst all the group of happy people, bidding each other farewell, Theophilus went his way, alone and thoughtful.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CASTI.

Here comes a phaeton; how the man drives, Threatening danger to innocent lives. Out of the way, love, and let him go by: Crazy Jehus are but bad company. Look at him, Phyllis—a lord, who reclined, Sits in his phaeton, splendidly lined. See his habiliments, gorgeously made, Look at his groom, in gold lace and brocade! See from his finger, resplendently bright, How the pure brilliant diffuses its light! Haughtiness, jealously, pride, and disdain, Folly contemptible, ride in his train. Shall we salute him? ah! think you he'll see Folks on the footpath as humble as we. On at a distance the phaeton flies, Leaving behind it, the dust in our eyes. Go, booby lordling, go: wait 'till to-morrow, Fate may your insolence change into sorrow. Phyllis, consider, if Fortune have thus Raised him to eminence, lowering us; What if her favours she lightly confer! All mortal happiness comes not from her.

All this magnificence is not a rule: Dazzles it any one else but a fool? Only reflecting a moment, if you Closely examine and read the man through, You will discover, amidst all the show, Which the poor envy him, nothing but wo. You will discover a bosom that burns: Others tormenting, tormented by turns; Fear and ambition that never can rest, Hatred implacable gnawing his breast. Lodged in a palace and living in state, Weariness follows him early and late. Be not so easily caught by the snare Every flattering aspect may bear. If our condition affords us content, Which we have chosen, or which God has sent: If with our station our wishes accord, We are more happy and rich than the lord.

R.

HEALTH AND LONG LIFE TO THOSE WHO LOVE US.

BY MRS. ABDY.

How oft the health of those we love
Has gaily circled round our table!
How oft have we been doomed to prove
Our love a fancy and a fable!
Sometimes 'twas idle, weak, and vain:
Sometimes capricious, light, and swerving;
Oft 'twas repulsed with cold disdain,
Oft fixed upon the undeserving.
The dream is o'er, the pageant closed,
And conscience surely should reprove us,
That we have never yet proposed—
"Health and long life to those who love us."

May, 1850.—vol. LVIII.—No. CCXXIX.

H

How may we each in memory turn,

To those devoted, gentle spirits;

Eager our virtues to discern,

And always blind to our demerits!

When those who loved us not, would dwell

Severely on each heedless action,

How would their silvery tongues repel

The venomed clamours of detraction!

While other eyes look cold and strange,

They still encourage and approve us;

Their's is the faith that knows not change—

"Health and long life to those who love us."

Time, o'er our path begins to steal,
Awaking us to calm reflection;
And we have now begun to feel
The priceless value of affection:
Each kindly act—each gentle phrase—
In youth's gay season mocked or slighted,
Shall in our wiser, better days,
Be warmly, gratefully requited.
Our way may be a way of flowers,
Or cloudy skies may frown above us:
Yet ever shall this toast be ours—
"Health and long life to those who love us."

SWISSIANA.

CHAPTER XXIII.*

"Ezzählen ward man von dem Schützen Tell, Solana die Berge stehn auf ihrem Grunde." Schiller.

In the year 1307, Albert I., Emperor of Austria, held possession of Switzerland, then consisting of only three cantons, Uri, Unterwalden, and Schwytz, and ruled it with an iron hand. He

^{*} Continued from page 382, vol. lvii.

divested the people of all their ancient privileges, pressed them under heavy taxation, and punished those who rebelled, with torture and death. At first, the Swiss groaned patiently under these afflictions, and seemed submissive to their lot; but events took place towards the latter end of the year, which completely changed the aspect of affairs. The spirit of the people, accustomed to freedom, chafed sorely against the despotic sway of Austria, and though silent and subdued, it required but a spark to the train, to rouse the whole nation against their oppressors.

Chief among the instruments of tyranny, were two creatures of the emperor, named Landenberg and Gessler. The former was governor of Unterwalden, and lived in the castle of Sernen; the latter ruled over Uri, and held his seat within the stronghold of Küssnacht, nigh to Zug. Both were surrounded by their myrmidoms, and never ventured abroad without a large escort of guards and reiters, for they feared the just anger of the peeple, and knew that in strength alone consisted their safety. But the time was quickly hastening which was to see them shorn of both.

Opposite Schwytz, the lake of the four cantons forms a small creek in the shore, running back some way into the land between a channel of high rocks. On the left rises Mount Haken in bold relief towards the sky, its summit usually begirt with clouds; and far behind on the right tower the snowy Alps of Schwytz. Here at mid-day, early in the month of November, 1307, might have been seen four personages in conversation; a fisherman, a hunter, a cow-herd, and his boy. They all stood on the shore, and were watching a storm which was brewing in the distance. No lake is more violently agitated by the winds than that of the "Four Cantons;" partly owing to the peculiar form which produces a dangerous cross sea, and partly to the vicinity of high mountains, adown which the gale sweeps in fitful and overwhelming blasts. Woe to the bark floating on the waters at that hour.

The men had remained silent for some moments during the gradual development of the storm. The nether end of the lake was shrouded in a white fog, which advanced almost imperceptibly, but with certain steps, covering the objects right and left, and entirely concealing Schwytz towards the spot where they were standing. In that bay, the water was still calm and clear; the mountains reared their peaks into a cloudless sky, and a universal silence reigned around. By degrees, the air seemed to have grown colder, the slender ripples against the shore assumed an angrier appearance, while the curtain of fog rushed roaring in advance. Anon it came, a huge cloud, as if an alp had been torn from its place, and swept over the lake.

The mass of waters in attempting to impede its progress, had risen to meet the cloud with foaming crest, and battled in broken, roaring waves against the foe. In vain. The cloud swept onward, impelled by a hurricane, which, parting the waters right and left, drove them breaking over the shore. The high-swollen billows dashed over the rocks and rushed furiously up the small creek, or inlet of the lake. Thunder and lightning followed in the wake of the cloud, which now dispersed itself over the mountains, and was succeeded by a heavy torrent of of rain.

It was when the hurricane was at its height, that the attention of the gazers was arrested by an object of still greater interest. It was that of a man on the heights above, descending with bold and hasty strides—now looking behind him as if he were pursued—and then dashing his way over the rocks with redoubled speed. He made for the spot where the men were standing, and arrived pale and breathless.

"For heaven's sake, fishermen, led me your boat!" cried he; and seeing them all motionless and struck with astonishment, he immediately added, "launch forth, and you will save me from death! carry me across the lake!"

"What is the matter? who is pursuing you?" inquired all the men in a breath.

"Haste, haste, they are close upon me—the soldiers of the governor; I am a dead man should they catch me."

"Why do the soldiers follow yon?" asked the fisherman, to whom the new comer chiefly addressed himself.

"First save me, and then I will explain all."

But finding that the boatman hesitated, he proceeded in a hasty tone—

"I was cutting wood in the forest, when I perceived my wife hastening towards me, as if pursued by death, and full of anguish she rushed into my arms, and cried,—

"'The governor is in our house—he entered when I was in my bath—followed me—and to save myself from his licentious arms, I have had to escape to you.'

"Upon hearing these words, I hurried back to the room where the governor sat, and brained him with my hatchet. The deed was soon noised abroad—they tried to arrest me, and—whilst we are speaking—oh, God! the time flies. O, fisherman, help me if you can."

A heavy clap of thunder followed his entreaty, and the fisherman drew attention to it, and, pointing to the troubled waters of the lake, said,—

"I would willingly save thee, but it is impossible, no boat could live in such a storm."

"Then," cried the unfortunate, dropping on his knees, "I must fall into the enemy's hands, with the shore of salvation in sight! yonder it lies—I can distinguish it through the mist—and there is the boat which could waft me to it—and yet I must remain here, helpless and in despair!"

"Who cries for help, and who is in despair?" exclaimed a

voice from the rocks above.

All looked round, and beheld a man armed with a cross-bow.

"Tell of Bürglen! Tell is the man to save you, he can guide the helm as surely as he can aim a cloth-yard shaft."

The man thus apostrophised now advanced to the centre of

the group

"What," said he, "will the fisherman not save thee, Baumgarten?"

"I should be mad were I to attempt it," cried the former. "But see, there is the boat—you can use it if you will."

"In God's name, then, I will! Launch forth the boat."

All applauded his generous and brave resolution, and applied themselves at once to the task. Baumgarten and his companion stepped into the bark. Tell placing himself at the helm, in one instant they were away from the shore, and tossing amid the waves. The men on land leaped upon the rocks and watched the progress of the brave little bark.

"The water has dashed into her—I see her no longer—she has sunk!" cried the fisherman. "Yet no, there she is again! the brave Tell has her still under the power of his never-failing

arm. Yonder, come the soldiers!"

In effect, before the little bark was half-way across the lake, Baumgarten's pursuers arrived. But too late. Before they could have procured another boat, and a man who would venture out in the storm, the two fugitives would have landed on the opposite shore, and be far away among the mountains out of their reach. The soldiers, therefore, seeing that pursuit was useless, retired the way they came, but not without heaping curses on the heads of the fisherman and his companions, and promising that they should smart for permitting the fugitive to escape.

While William Tell and Conrad Baumgarten were lessening the distance between them and their pursuers, another outrage was being committed against the Swiss, and on the person of one Henry von Der Halden, an old man who lived at Kerns, in the Canton of Unterwalden. His son, Arnold von Melchthal, afterwards destined to play so important a part in the struggles for Swiss independence, having been insulted by a servant of the governor of Sarnen, resented the affront, and struck the

menial across the fingers with his stick. Dreading the resentment of the governor, he fled, and his old father was demanded to point out the place of his concealment. Henry von der Halden knew not whither his son had fled, and could not answer, even had he wished, the question of the governor; whereupon the cruel Landenberg ordered the aged man to be bound, thrown upon the floor, and to have his eyes torn out from their sockets with red hot pincers. He then stripped him of all his small wealth, rased his cottage to the ground, and left him nothing but a staff wherewith to wander, naked and blind, from door to door. The nature of the deed astonished even its executors; and when it came to the ears of the son, Arnold von Melchthal, he vowed that he should not rest till he had found revenge.

For this purpose young Melchthal sought out his friends, Walter Fürst, of Uri; and Werner Stauffacher, of Schwytz; and with them took counsel how he might attain the object of his vengeance, and at the same time strike a blow for the freedom of Switzerland. Stauffacher was at first against the scheme, but his wife overruled his doubts and wavering, and he soon became one of the chief supporters of the plan for a general insurrection. The confederates met at Rütli, on the borders of the lake, and there swore, by night, to band together, and die rather than forsake each other in the approaching struggle. The rising was fixed for after Christmas, then close at hand; but events hastened it sooner than was expected.

William Tell, with his son Walter, had gone one day to Altorf, to visit his father-in-law, Walter Fürst. A large pole had been raised in the centre of the market-place, and upon it was placed the cap of Austria, before which it was required that all the Swiss should bow, and pay equal homage as before the Emperor Albert himself. And it was also ordained by Gessler the governor, that any man omitting to fulfil this command should be immediately seized as a rebel, and committed to death. "And thus," ended the proclamation, "the governor will recognise the obedient."

Tell had not heard of this proclamation, and even if he had, it is doubtful whether he would have heeded it. Walter, with a child's acuteness and observation, had no sooner perceived the pole and the hat, than he drew his father's attention to it, and asked what it signified.

"What's the hat to us!" said Tell; "come! let us on," and he was about to pass over into the opposite street; when two soldi of the Austrian guard opposed him with their pikes: "In the emperor's name! halt!"

Seizing the pike in one hand, and clasping his child with the other, Tell demanded in a manly tone the meaning of this

assault, while Walter cried at the top of his voice for help and They were soon surrounded by soldiers, and shortly after by an equal number of citizens, who demanded, with threats, that their countryman should be set free. A tumult was about to be raised, and both parties might have come to blows, had not the approach of the governor and his party been announced, which immediately changed the aspect of affairs. Gessler, and his friend Rudolph der Harras, entered them arketplace on horseback, accompanied by his huntsmen, and a score of lords and ladies. They had just returned from the noble sport of hawking. The Austrian soldiers gathered in a circle round the governor, and completely hemmed in William Tell and his compatriots, so that all chance of escape was hopeless.

"What means this assemblage?" demanded Gessler, in a rough voice, not unmingled with uneasiness; for like all tyrants his mind was full of suspicion. "Who cries for help? Who is it?" continued he, finding that all were silent. "Who is it? I will know. Step forward, knave, and tell me why you hold

that man."

The soldier, with a low salute, and delivering the prisoner over to some of his comrades, advanced to the side of the governor, and explained how Tell had refused reverence to the cap.

"Ha! Tell, and you do thus despise your sovereign, and set at naught his displeasure? In truth you have been ill advised."

"Your pardon, noble sir; but it was through oversight that

I committed this breach of submission."

"You are, I hear, a master of the cross-bow, Tell?" said the governor, after a pause.

"You are saying the truth there," cried little Walter; "my

father can hit an apple off a tree at a hundred paces."

"This boy,—he is yours's, Tell? Have you other children besides?" asked Gessler.

" Two sons, good sir."

"And which of them is it you love the best?"

"Both, sir, are my children," replied Tell with some emphasis.

"Now, listen to me, Tell! I should like to prove this skill of your's, which can strike an object at a hundred paces; and therefore, take the crossbow which is in your hand, and make ready to shoot an apple from your son's head. If you acquit yourself well, I set you free, -if you fail, your head is forfeit.

A universal shudder ran through the assembled multitude, and Tell started back, scarcely crediting his senses at the horror

of the demand.

"What! shoot at the head of my own child with this cross-

bow? I will die, sooner."

"You shall shoot, or both you and your boy shall die," cried the tyrant.

"And I must become the murderer of my child! Sir governor," exclaimed Tell, with anguish; "you who have no children,

you know not what it is to have a father's heart,"

"No matter; you have heard my words, and know my resolution. Here is an apple," said the governor, plucking one from a tree at hand, and my men shall place it at eighty paces. I do not require more, though they say you can aim one hundred.

So up, shoot, and do not miss the mark !"

Arnold von Melchthal, who was among the spectators, would now have burst forward, and braved the tyrant to his face, had he not been restrained by Walter Fürst, who equally filled with indignation, saw the utter futility of such a proceeding. High and angry whisperings, however, were passed among the Swiss, and considerable agitation began to manifest itself.

"Silence in the crowd there: guards do your duty," thundered forth Gessler. "And come, 'I'ell, delay no longer; your life is justly forfeited; and see, I am inclined to shew you merey, and let it rest on the skill of your own hand. Surely no one can complain. The mark is worthy, and the prize is great!"

Walter Fürst now stepped forward, and threw himself before

the governor.

"Bend not the knee to the cruel tyrant, grandpapa!" exclaimed Tell's little boy. "Rather place me where I should stand. I am not afraid. Papa can hit a flying bird, and he will not spare as good a shot for the safety of his son."

"O, remember, sir," entreated Fürst, "that there is a God in

heaven, to whom you must account for every action."

With a gesture of impatience Gessler beckoned the old man away, and ordered his soldiers to bind the boy.

"Bind me, no, I will not be bound," cried Walter; "I will

remain as quiet as a lamb, and not draw a breath."

"But let me bind your eyes, little fellow!" said one of the

soldiers, in a kind tone.

"Why my eyes! Think you, I fear an arrow from my father's hand? I will keep quite still, I tell you, and will not even wink. Come, father, show them what a shot you are! He does not believe it, and thinks to kill us both. Just draw and shoot, for very spite!"

So saying, the brave little fellow marched up to a linden-tree, which the soldiers had marked as the appointed distance, eighty paces, and received the apple on his head. Tell, in despair,

seized his cross-bow.

"Open the crowd there! Room, friends!" cried he.

"What!" said Fürst—you will. Oh! attempt it not—your hand trembles—your knee shakes——"

Tell let the cross-bow sink to the ground:-"Aye, and my

eyes swim!" Then turning to the governor, as a last resource, "Let me be the mark. Here is my heart," tearing open his doublet: " call to your reiters, and shoot me down!"

Gessler gave a mark of impatience: and with eyes for a moment towards heaven, and breathing a silent prayer, Tell summoned up his nerve for the trial. He seized his guiver, and selecting from it two arrows, he thrust one in his girdle, and applied the other to his bow. The tyrant observed these preparations with a suspicious eye, and then turned towards the tree where the child stood.

While Tell was thus engaged, a strong agitation was gathering in the crowd of friends by whom he was surrounded, and sympathy even was not wanting among the soldiers who had the immediate charge of him. Melchthal, especially, naturally of a fiery temperament, and remembering the cruelties inflicted upon his old father, went rapidly about from friend to friend, and urged them to strike a blow at once against the tyranny of His counsels were over-ruled by the cooler and more Austria. mature judgment of the elders, such as Walter Fürst and Stauffacher—but still the people were violently agitated.

"Alas!" cried a woman, "even our nobles desert us. There is Rudentz, the nephew of our brave Lord Attinghausen, who should lead us on against these monsters, and he joins their

"Aye," said another, "the fair Bertha's eyes are more to him

than all the hearts of his poor countrymen."

"Say not a word against the damsel," cried Stauffacher. "Her heart is in the right place; she is true as gold, and would serve us and our children. May she open the eyes of her lover to his duty!"

His words seemed prophetic; for no sooner had they parted from his lips, than the object of them stepped forth from the

governor's train.

"Sir Govrenor," exclaimed Rudentz, with resolution in his voice and action; "Sir Governor, this has gone far enough. You would not—it was only to prove him—you see he is obedient-"

"We will ask your counsel when we need it," interrupted Gessler, with a scowl. But the other was not to be intimidated, for he glanced round at Bertha, and received a smile of encou-

ragement from her.

"I will speak, for it is my duty!" cried he. "The honour of the emperor is sacred to me; and such proceedings must not take place. It is against our sovereign's will, I dare be sworn -and you have no authority."

"Peace, fool-would you beard me?

"I have held too long silence—closed my eyes to many a dark and crying deed—and restrained my swelling and o'er-bursting heart too far. To act thus longer would be treason to my country and my king."

A buzz of surprise and approval was heard among the multi-

tude, and the young noble proceeded:-

"My people I forsook, my blood-relations denied—renounced all ties of nature, to band myself with you; thinking thus to serve my sovereign in obeying you: but now the veil has fallen from my eyes. I see myself on the verge of a fearful precipice—my freedom taken away—my heart betrayed.—Henceforth, I dedicate my efforts to the people."

"Traitor! this language to your master?"

"The emperor is my master—not you. Free born am I as you, and I am your equal in every knightly virtue. And, were you not here in the place of the emperor, whom I honour, I would throw down my gauntlet to you, and you should answer me the word 'traitor' at the lance's point. Aye, call your soldiers around you," continued Rudentz,—"I am not quite defenceless: like them," and he pointed to the people—"like them I wear a sword, and he who approaches—"

Here the young noble was interrupted by shouts of:—
"The apple is fallen—the boy is scatheless!" from above a
hundred voices; and a general rush was made towards the

linden-tree where the former stood.

The cries drew the governor's attention also away, and in a tone of surprise, yet not unmingled with disappointment, he gave orders that Tell should be released. He then received the broken apple from one of his attendants.

"By heaven, the apple's cloven through the middle! It is a

master-shot, I must confess."

"Men will recount the shot of Tell so long even as the hills remain," cried an old man, raising his voice above the multitude.

William Tell, having embraced his son, was immediately surrounded by the multitude, and met with congratulations and blessings on all sides. He was a man of few words, however—it was a character he prided himself upon—and anxious to free himself from the well-meant importunities of his friends, he was about to take his departure, when Gessler called him back.

"You hold a second arrow in your belt: for what purpose is

it there?"

"Sir—sir—" answered the other, hesitating a little, a habit unusual to him—" an archer always finds use for his shafts."

"No, Tell, that answer will not serve thee; you had some other end for it in view. Confess the truth quickly and boldly, Tell; whate'er it be, your life shall be assured. What means the second arrow?"

"Well then, O Governor, as you promise my life, I will confess the honest truth." He pulled the arrow from his belt, held it before the governor, and answered in slow and dignified accents. "This second shaft was reserved for you, had I missed the apple with the first—and, verily, it should not have failed."

All started back with astonishment on hearing this bold answer, which the Austrian soldiers could not but agree would have been just, while the people condemned the honesty with which it had been spoken. "Let slumbering hounds lie," cried they, "what need had he to brave a second time the tyrant's wrath?"

"Well, Tell," replied Gessler; "I have promised you your life; I pledged my knighthood on it; yet, because I find you still rebellious—mutinous—discontented—I shall keep you out of all mischief, and imprison you where neither sun nor moon shall ever penetrate, and save myself from all your shafts. Seize him, knaves, and bind him hand and foot. We will see if he can save himself a second time. Bear him to my vessel! I will follow in an instant, and will myself accompany him to Küssnacht."

The orders of the governor were forthwith obeyed; a grisly wall of pikes and halberds prevented all hopes of a rescue, and William Tell was laid in the vessel, a bound and helpless man, thinking never more to see the sun's gladdening light, nor the dear faces of his wife and children, but to end his days in dark imprisonment. But the God in heaven who preserves all his servants alike, rich or poor, had other fate in store for him; he was reserved for a violent death—not a sacrifice to tyranny, but to charity.

The vessel left the shore with Gessler, Rudolph der Harras, and their attendants. Tell's cross-bow and quiver were placed beside the helm, far out of his reach. Just as the boat was rounding the narrow shoal of rocks, near Mount Aken, a terrible storm was seen approaching from the side of Mount Saint Gotthardt, which caused every heart on board to sink through fear, and every soul to bethink itself of another world. While they were in this extremity, expecting death at every moment, and while the vessel was tossed at the mercy of the waves, one of the men approached the governor, and whispered in his ear:—

"The present steersman, Sir Governor, is at his wit's end; he cannot guide the vessel through fear. We shall all, to a certainty, be lost, if another does not take his place. What say you, sir—here is Tell, a brave man, and who can guide a helm in any weather?"

The governor heard with pleasure the words of this man,

and ordered the prisoner to be brought before him. "Tell," said he, "if you will undertake to assist us out of this storm,

I promise, on my oath, to set you free."

"Sir Governor," answered the other, "with God's help, I will do my best;" and his fetters being knocked off, he took the helm.

Tell directed his course towards a rock, which juts out a little into the lake, at the foot of Mount Aken. He told the men to hold themselves ready to jump asbore, and secure the vessel, as it glided along the side; and while the attention of all in the boat was occupied with this object, he laid hold of his cross-bow and arrows, and giving the helm a twist, which brought the vessel's stern round to the shore, and directed her bows to sea, he sprung up, and with a giant leap, attained the shore.

The impetus of the spring acted like a thrust from the land, and sent the boat dashing out to sea, among the waves again. But Tell had shown its crew the road to safety, and therefore knew that there was not a moment to be lost. He ascended the cliffs, and making the best of his way among the paths where he knew none would dare to follow him, he determined to lie in wait for the governor, near Küsnacht, at a secret spot he knew, and shoot the tyrant as he was passing. As before said, Tell was a man of deeds, not words; and the thought no sooner occurred to him, than he hastened to put it into execution.

On reaching the spot near Küssnacht, which he knew the governor must pass to reach his castle, Tell secreted himself behind a mass of brushwood, which effectually screened him from all observers in the road below; and choosing a shaft, he fixed it in his cross-bow, and waited patiently for his victim. Some time elapsed before any signs appeared, and William Tell was beginning to hope that the storm had robbed him of his prey, for he did not willingly seek the governor's life, but was compelled to do so for his own security, and that of his family,—when the foot-falls of a party of horsemen struck upon his ear, and Gessler and his suite were seen approaching the spot. Gessler was accompanied by his friend, Rudolph der Harras, who rode beside him on horseback; and the voices of the two were loud, and seemingly engaged in high argument.

"Say what you will, I am the servant of the Emperor, and must act as best befits my situation. He did not send me into this country to spare the people, and act with weakness. He expects obedience; and the question is, whether the peasant or

the emperor shall be the master."

"Still the people have a certain right—"

"But now is not the time to grant it to them!" interrupted

the governor. "The emperor is desirous of increasing what his predecessor began; this people is a stumbling-block in his path,

which, right or wrong, he must have removed."

A poor woman, who had been seated on a bank beside the road, now rushed forward with some children, starved and ragged as herself, and threw herself before Gessler's horse, and entreated for the release of her husband, whom he had in confinement at Küssnacht Castle. But the governor was not a man to be moved by either prayers or tears, and beckoned the suppliant away, with an angry and impatient wave of the hand. The woman seized his horse's bridle. "No, no," cried she, "I have nothing more to lose.—You stir not from this place, Sir Governor, till you have given me justice.—Knit your brows—roll you eyes as you will—we are so unutterably wretched that we do not fear your anger."

"Woman, make way, or my horse shall trample you down."
"Be it so, then—there—" and the woman flung herself and children on the ground before the animal.—" Here lie I, with my ohildren: let thy horse's hoof pass over the poor

orphans! It is not the worst thou hast done."

"Woman, woman, have a care; are you mad? said Ru-

dolph der Harras.

"Ay," exclaimed the unfortunate, "ay, mad—we shall all become so, if this tyrant continues any longer!—O, sir, I am but a woman. Were I a man, I should know better than to lie here in the dust."

"Where are my troopers, Harras?" inquired Gessler of his companion. "These people so madden me with their prayers,

that I am scarce master of my actions."

"They have gone on ahead, Sir Governor, to attend the

wedding of a comrade."

"In sooth I am too kind and lenient with these people—their tongues are still free, but I will bind them: they shall not brave me thus, I swear; I will break this stubborn humour—this hardy spirit of liberty will I bend, and new laws shall rule the land—I will——"

An arrow pierced Gessler to the heart as he was proceeding; he rolled slowly from his horse, and in a thick and broken voice, exclaimed,—"God be merciful!" His companion quickly

dismounted, and next moment was at his side.

"What accident is this -God-Sir Governor - commend

your soul to Heaven! You are a dead man."

"That arrow came from Tell," gasped forth the dying man. A stream of thick blood rushed from his mouth, and interrupted further speech, and in a few moments, an inanimate corpse was all that remained of the arch-tyrant whose very breath had caused all Switzerland to tremble.

The death of Gessler was the signal for revolt. The whole country was immediately in arms. Watch-fires blazed on every mountain—the strongholds of the Austrians were infested, and succumbed either to force or stratagem—and the enemy was driven out of Switzerland. The Swiss were again a free people! Arnold von Melchthal and Baumgarten gained the castle of Sarnen; and the former had the satisfaction of enacting a "generous revenge." He conducted Landenburg, the governor who had so cruelly deprived his aged father of sight, in safety to the borders of Austria, and set him free, after receiving from him his oath as a knight, never again to take up arms against Switzerland. Rudentz stormed and set fire to the fortress of Rossberg, and rescued a bride—the amiable Bertha—from the flames.

Nor only were the Swiss successful in their own country—their freedom seemed assured to them on every side—nor by their own deeds alone. The day on which the tyrant Gessler fell, the Emperor Albert was treacherously murdered by the hand of his own nephew. The assasain fled to the mountains of Switzerland.

The birth-place of Tell is Bürglen, a small village near Altorf, at the foot of Mount Saint Gotthardt. It is a retired spot, surrounded with high inaccessible mountains on every side, and having a small stream running through the centre of the village, falling a few miles farther on into the lake of the "Four Cantons."

Here, one evening, under the shade of a wide-spreading linden tree in front of his own dwelling, a few days after the scenes just related, sat our hero with one of his two boys on each knee, and his wife, Hedwig, at his side. They had been conversing for some time together, probably about the late events, for the countenance of each was lighted up with a smile of interest, when a man, habited in the garb of a monk, was seen approaching. He made a low bow, but uttered no priestly benediction as is the custom among the brethren.

"Who is that?" enquired Tell of his wife.

"I know not; speak you to him: my flesh creeps at his approach," said she.

"Are you the man, Tell, by whom the governor was slain?" asked the stranger, addressing our hero

"Who I am, I conceal from no man."

"You are Tell, then! God's hand it is which has led me to your dwelling."

"You are no monk!" cried Tell, scrutinising the stranger

with his keen glance. "Who are you?"

"You slew the governor who did you wrong-I also have

slain an enemy, who injured me—he was your enemy, as well as mine—I have freed the country of him."

Tell receded a few paces, as if horrified on hearing the speech

of the stranger.

)

"You are—but stop—children, go inside: go, dear wife! go, go! Unfortunate, you are—"

"Heaven! who is he?" inquired the wife.

"Ask not, woman! away, away! the children must not hear it. Go into the house—far at the back—thou must not rest beneath the same roof with this man."

His wife obeyed, and departed into the house with the children. Tell watched her till she was fairly entered, and then turning to the monk, exclaimed,—

"You are the Duke of Austria-you are he! you have

murdered the emperor, your kinsman, and your prince."

"He was the spoiler of my inheritance," answered John of Austria, for it was no other than he who had wandered thus far over the mountains to escape the vengeance of his cousin, Agnes, Queen of Hungary.

"Your uncle, your emperor to have slain; and you still

tread the ground! the sun still warms you."

"Tell, hear me, before you-"

"With the blood of your kinsman and your prince, you dare to approach my pure, unsullied threshold? you dare to show your face before an honest man, and beg his hospitality."

"From you I hoped to find compassion-sympathy-for

you love vengeance with your enemies."

William Tell shrunk from the brotherhood with which the murderer was willing to connect him, and explained the difference between their deeds.

He had been forced to slay his oppressor in self-preservation—while John of Austria, though rightly heir to his father's throne, and supplanted by his uncle Albert, could not be justified in the steps he had taken to regain his own.

"To heaven I lift this my pure, unspotted hand, and forswear thee and thy deed. You have committed murder; I have sus-

tained my own."

"And you thrust me from you, Tell; you deny me even

hospitality?" asked John of Austria.

"You create a horror within me which I cannot describe. Away! Follow thy fearful wandering! Leave pure the roof which murder never entered."

The wretched prince turned to depart, murmuring, "Longer

I cannot, and I will not live."

"You move me to compassion. God of heaven! so young; from such a noble root; grandson to the great Rudolph; my

lord and emperor, driven as a murderer here from my door—the door of a poor man—in peril and despair," ejaculated Tell, with his hands raised to conceal his tears, which the circumstances could not restrain.

"O, since you can weep, let my story move you; it is fearful. I am a prince," cried the unhappy man; "I was one rather. I might have been happy, had I but drowned the whisperings of impatience. Envy gnawed my heart. I saw the youth of my cousin Leopold crowned with honour, and rewarded with possessions, and myself of equal age with him, held in slavish minority."

"Unfortunate, well knew I thine uncle that he denied thee land and vassals! You listened to the greedy counsels of wicked men, to regain your own. Where are thy blood-thirsty

confederates in the murder?"

"Where vengeance pursues them. I have not seen them

since the unfortunate day."

"And where do you intend to go?—for I tell you your retreat is known, and you are pursued. Where do you hope to find rest and safety?" asked Tell.

"I know not-I-"

"Hear the words which God hath put into my heart. You must away into the land of Italy, to the city of Saint Peter! There cast yourself at the feet of the pope, confess your crime, and absolve your soul."

"Will he not betray me to my enemies?"
"Whatever he does will be from God."

"But how shall I reach that unknown country? I know not the road, and dare not follow in the footsteps of the pilgrims."

"I will show you the road; mark well! You mount up,

following the Reuss, the savage path of the mountain—"
"Shall I see the Reuss?" cried the murderer, with horror!

"it flowed beside the spot where--"

"The path skirts a precipice," continued the other, without heeding the interruption, "and many crosses mark it out, showing the spot where the benighted traveller has fallen a prey to avalanches. Before each cross fall down, and confess with tears your crime; and if you surmount the dangers of the pass, and the mountain does not paralyze you in its icy grasp among the fields of snow on high—you reach the summit of the Saint Gotthardt, and bid farewell to German land, you breathe in Italy."

The fate of the murderer is known to all the readers of German history, and need not be given here. Of William Tell, we have little to add, save that he reached a good old age, be-

loved and recognised as the champion of Swiss liberty, and ended a life of benefit to his fellow-creatures, in the waters of the river Schächen before his own door, in attempting to save a child from a similar fate.

THE MAY-POLE OF MERRY MOUNT.

There is an admirable foundation for a philosophical romance in the curious history of the early settlement of Mount Wollaston, or Merry Mount. In the slight sketch here attempted, the facts, recorded on the grave pages of our New England annalists, have wrought themselves, almost spontaneously, into a sort of allegory. The masques, mummeries, and festive customs, described in the text, are in accordance with the manners of the age. Authority, on these points, may be found in Strutt's Book of English Sports and Pastimes.

BRIGHT were the days at Merry Mount, when the may-pole was the banner-staff of that gay colony! They who reared it, should their banner be triumphant, were to pour sunshine over New England's rugged hills, and scatter flower-seeds throughout the soil. Jollity and gloom were contending for an empire. Midsummer Eve had come, bringing deep verdure to the forest, and roses in her lap, of a more vivid hue than the tender buds of spring. But May, or her mirthful spirit, dwelt all the year round at Merry Mount, sporting with the summer months, and revelling with autumn, and basking in the glow of winter's fireside. Through a world of toil and care, she flitted with a dreamlike smile, and came hither to find a home among the lightsome hearts of Merry Mount.

Never had the may-pole been so gaily decked as at sunset on Midsummer Eve. This venerated emblem was a pine-tree, which had preserved the slender grace of youth, while it equalled the loftiest height of the old wood monarchs. From its top streamed a silken banner, coloured like the rainbow. Down nearly to the ground, the pole was dressed with birchen boughs, and others of the liveliest green, and some with silvery leaves, fastened by ribbons that fluttered in fantastic knots of twenty different colours, but no sad ones. Garden flowers, and blossoms of the wilderness, laughed gladly forth amid the verdure, so

May, 1850.—vol. LVIII.—No. CCXXIX.

fresh and dewy, that they must have grown by magic on that happy pine-tree. Where this green and flowery splendour terminated, the shaft of the may-pole was stained with the seven brilliant hues of the banner at its top. On the lowest green bough hung an abundant wreath of roses, some that had been gathered in the sunniest spots of the forest, and others, of still richer blush, which the colonists had reared from English seed. Oh, people of the golden age, the chief of your husbandry was to raise flowers!

But what was the wild throng that stood hand in hand about the may-pole? It could not be, that the fauns and nymphs, when driven from their classic groves and homes of ancient fable, had sought refuge, as all the persecuted did, in the fresh woods of the west. These were Gothic monsters, though perhaps of Grecian ancestry. On the shoulders of a comely youth, uprose the head and branching antlers of a stag; a second, human in all other points, had the grim visage of a welf; a third, still with the trunk and limbs of a mortal man, showed the beard and horns of a venerable he-goat. There was the likeness of a bear erect, brute in all but his hind legs, which were adorned with pink silk stockings. And here again, almost as wondrous, stood a real bear of the dark forest, lending each of his fore paws to the grasp of a human hand, and as ready for the dance as any in that circle. His inferior nature rose halfway, to meet his companions as they stooped. Other faces wore the similitude of man or woman, but distorted or extravagant, with red noses pendulous before their mouths, which seemed of awful depth, and stretched from ear to ear in an eternal fit of laughter. Here might be seen the salvage man, well known in heraldry, hairy as a baboon, and girdled with green leaves. By his side, a nobler figure, but still a counterfeit, appeared an Indian hunter, with feathery crest and wampum Many of this strange company wore fool's-caps, and had little bells appended to their garments, tinkling with a silvery sound, responsive to the inaudible music of their gleesome Some youths and maidens were of soberer garb, vet well maintained their places in the irregular throng, by the expression of wild revelry upon their features. Such were the colonists of Merry Mount, as they stood in the broad smile of sunset, round their venerated may-pole.

Had a wanderer, bewildered in the melancholy forest, heard their mirth, and stolen a half-affrighted glance, he might have fancied them the crew of Comus, some already transformed to brutes, some mid-way between man and beast, and the others rioting in the flow of tipsy jollity that foreran the change. But a hand of Puritans, who watched the scene, invisible themselves,

compared the masques to those devils and ruined souls, with

whom their superstition peopled the black wilderness.

Within the ring of monsters, appeared the two airiest forms that had ever trodden on any more solid footing than a purple and golden cloud. One was a youth, in glistening apparel, with a scarf of the rainbow pattern crosswise on his breast. right hand held a gilded staff, the ensign of high dignity among the revellers; and his left grasped the slender fingers of a fair maiden, not less gaily decorated than himself. Bright roses glowed in contrast with the dark and glossy curls of each, and were scattered round their feet, or had sprung up spontaneously Behind this lightsome couple, so close to the may-pole that its boughs shaded his jovial face, stood the figure of an English priest, canonically dressed, yet decked with flowers in heathen fashion, and wearing a chaplet of the native vine leaves. By the riot of his rolling eye, and the pagan decorations of his holy garb, he seemed the wildest monster there, and the very Comus of the crew.

"Votaries of the may-pole," cried the flower-decked priest, "merrily, all day long, have the woods echoed to your mirth. But be this your merriest hour, my hearts! Lo, here stand the lord and lady of the may, whom I, a clerk of Oxford, and high-priest of Merry Mount, am presently to join in holy matrimony. Up with your nimble spirits, ye morrice-dancers, green men, and glee-maidens, bears and wolves, and horned gentlemen! Come, a chorus now, rich with the old mirth of merry England, and the wilder glee of this fresh forest; and then a dance, to show the youthful pair what life is made of, and how airily they should go through it! All ye that love the may-pole, lend your voices to the nuptial song of the Lord and Lady of the May!"

This wedlock was more serious than most affairs of Merry Mount, where jest and delusion, trick and fantasy, kept up a continual carnival. The Lord and Lady of the May, though their titles must be laid down at sunset, were really and truly to be partners for the dauce of life, beginning the measure that same bright eve. The wreath of roses, that hung from the lowest green bough of the may-pole, had been twined for them, and would be thrown over both their heads, in symbol of their flowery union. When the priest had spoken, therefore, a riotous uproar burst from the rout of monstrous figures.

"Begin you the stave, reverend sir," cried they all; "and never did the woods ring to such a merry peal as we of the may-

pole shall send up!"

Immediately a prelude of pipe, cittern, and viol, touched with practised minstrelsy, began to play from a neighbouring thicket in such a mirthful cadence, that the boughs of the may-pole quivered to the sound. But the May Lord, he of the gilled staff, chancing to look into his lady's eyes, was wonder-struck at

the almost pensive glance that met his own.

"Edith, sweet Lady of the May," whispered he, reproachfully, "is you wreath of roses a garland to hang above our graves, that you look so sad? Oh, Edith, this is our golden time! Tarnish it not by any pensive shadow of the mind; for it may be, that nothing of futurity will be brighter than the

mere remembrance of what is now passing."

"That was the very thought that saddened me! How came it in your mind too?" said Edith, in a still lower tone than he; for it was high treason to be sad at Merry Mount. "Therefore do I sigh amid this festive music. And besides, dear Edgar, I struggle as with a dream, and fancy that these shapes of our jovial friends are visionary, and their mirth unreal, and that we are no true Lord and Lady of the May. What is the mystery

in my heart?"

Just then, as if a spell had loosened them, down came a little shower of withering rose leaves from the may-pole. Alas, for the young lovers! No sooner had their hearts glowed with real passion, than they were sensible of something vague and unsubstantial in their former pleasures, and felt a dreary presentiment of inevitable change. From the moment that they truly loved, they had subjected themselves to earth's doom of care, and sorrow, and troubled joy, and had no more a home at Merry Mount. That was Edith's mystery. Now leave we the priest to marry them, and the masquers to sport round the may-pole, till the last sunbeam be withdrawn from its summit, and the shadows of the forest mingle gloomily in the dance. Mean-

while, we may discover who these gay people were. Two hundred years ago, and more, the old world and its inhabitants became mutually weary of each other. Men voyaged by thousands to the west; some to barter glass beads, and such like jewels, for the furs of the Indian hunter; some to conquer virgin empires; and one stern band to pray. But none of these motives had much weight with the colonists of Merry Mount. Their leaders were men who had sported so long with life, that when Thought and Wisdom came, even these unwelcome guests were led astray by the crowd of vanities which they should have Erring Thought and perverted Wisdom were put to flight. made to put on masques, and play the fool. The men of whom we speak, after losing the heart's fresh gaiety, imagined a wild philosophy of pleasure, and came hither to act out their latest day-dream. They gathered followers from all that giddy tribe, whose life is like the festal days of soberer men. In their train were minstrels, not unknown in London streets; wandering

players, whose theatres had been the halls of noblemen; mummers, rope-lancers, and mountebanks, who would long be missed at wakes, church-ales, and fairs; in a word, mirth-makers of every sort, such as abounded in that age, but now began to be discountenanced by the rapid growth of puritanism. Light had their footsteps been on land, and as lightly they came across the sea. Many had been maddened by their previous troubles into a gay despair; others were as madly gay in the flush of youth, like the May Lord and his Lady; but whatever might be the quality of their mirth, old and young were gay at Merry Mount. The young deemed themselves happy. The elder spirits, if they knew that mirth was but the counterfeit of happiness, yet followed the false shadow wilfully, because at least her garments glittered brightest. Sworn trifles of a lifetime they would not venture among the sober truths of life, not

even to be truly blest. All the hereditary pastimes of old England were transplanted The King of Christmas was duly crowned, and the Lord of Misrule bore potent sway. On the eve of Saint John, they felled whole acres of the forest to make bonfires, and danced by the blaze all night, crowned with garlands, and throwing flowers into the flame. At harvest time, though their crop was of the smallest, they made an image with the sheaves of Indian corn, and wreathed it with autumnal garlands, and bore it home triumphantly. But what chiefly characterized the colonists of Merry Mount, was their veneration for the may-pole. It has made their true history a poet's tale. Spring decked the hallowed emblem with young blossoms and fresh green boughs; summer brought roses of the deepest blush, and the perfected foliage of the forest! autumn euriched it with that red and vellow gorgeousness which converts each wild-wood leaf into a painted flower; and winter silvered it with sleet, and hung it round with icicles, till it flashed in the cold sunshine, itself a frozen sunbeam. Thus each alternate season did homage to the may pole, and paid it a tribute of its own richest splendour. Its votaries danced round it, once at least, in every month; sometimes they called it their religion, or their altar; but always it was the banner-staff of Merry Mount.

Unfortunately, there were men in the new world, of a sterner faith than these may pole worshippers. Not far from Merry Mount was a settlement of puritans, most dismal wretches, who said their prayers before daylight, and then wrought in the forest or the cornfield, till evening made it prayer time again. Their weapons were always at hand, to shoot down the straggling savage. When they met in conclave, it was never to keep up the old English muth, but to hear sermons three hours long, or to proclaim bounties on the heads of wolves and the scalps of

Indians. Their festivals were fast-days, and their chief pastime the singing of psalms. Woe to the youth or maiden, who did but dream of a dance. The selectman nodded to the constable; and there sat the light-heeled reprobate in the stocks; or if he danced, it was round the whipping-post, which might be termed

the puritan may-pole.

A party of these grim puritans, toiling through the difficult woods, each with a horse-load of iron armour to burthen his footsteps, would sometimes draw near the sunny precincts of Merry Mount. There were the silken colonists, sporting round their may-pole; perhaps teaching a bear to dance, or striving to communicate their mirth to the grave Indian; or masquerading in the skins of deer and wolves, which they had hunted for that especial purpose. Often the whole colony were playing at blindman's buff, magistrates and all with their eyes bandaged, except a single scape-goat, whom the blinded sinners pursued by the tinkling of bells at his garments. Once, it is said, they were seen following a flower-decked corpse, with merriment and festive music, to his grave. But did the dead man laugh? In their quietest times, they sang ballads and told tales, for the edification of their pious visitors: or perplexed them with juggling tricks; or grinned at them through horse-collars; and when sport itself grew wearisome, they made game, of their own stupidity, and began a yawning match. At the very least of these enormities, the men of iron shook their heads and frowned so darkly, that the revellers looked up, imagining that a momentary cloud had overcast the sunshine, which was to be perpetual there. On the other hand, the puritans affirmed, that when a psalm was pealing from their place of worship, the echo, which the forest sent them back, seemed often like the chorus of a jolly catch, closing with a roar of laughter. Who but the fiend, and his bond-slaves, the crew of Merry Mount, had thus disturbed them! In due time, a feud arose, stern and bitter on one side, and as serious on the other as anything could be, among such light spirits as had sworn allegiance to the may-pole. future complexion of new England was involved in this important quarrel. Should the grisly saints establish their jurisdiction over the gay sinners, then would their spirits darken all the clime, and make it a land of clouded visages, of hard toil, of ser-mon and psalm for ever. But should the banner-staff of Merry Mount be fortunate, sunshine would break upon the hills, and flowers would beautify the forest, and late posterity do homage to the may-pole.

After these authentic passages from history, we return to the nuptuals of the Lord and Lady of the May. Alas! we have delayed too sing, and must darken our tale too suddenly. As we glance again at the May-Pole, a solitary sunbeam is fading

from the summit, and leaves only a faint golden tinge. blended with the hues of the rainbow banner. Even that dim light is now withdrawn, relinquishing the whole domain of Merry Mount to the evening gloom, which has rushed so instantaneously from the black surrounding woods But some of these black shadows

have rushed forth in human shape.

Yes: with the setting sun, the last day of mirth had passed from Merry Mount. The ring of gay masquers was disordered and broken; the stag lowered his antlers in dismay; the wolf grew weaker than a lamb; the bells of the morrice-dancers tinkled with tremulous affright The Puritans had played a characteristic part in the May-Pole mummeries. Their darksome figures were intermixed with the wild shapes of their foes, and made the scene a picture of the moment, when waking thoughts start up amid the scattered fantasies of a dream. The leader of the hostile party stood in the centre of the circle, while the rout of monsters cowered around him, like evil spirits in the presence of a dread magician. No fantastic foolery could look him in So stern was the energy of his aspect, that the whole man, visage, frame, and soul, seemed wrought of iron, gifted with life and thought, yet all of one substance with his headpiece and breast-plate. It was the Puritan of Puritans; it was Endicott himself!

"Stand off, priest of Baal!" said he, with a grim frown, and laying no reverent hand upon the surplice. "I know thee, Blackstone! Thou art the man, who couldst not abide the rule even of thine own corrupted church, and hast come hither to preach iniquity, and to give example of it in thy life. now shall it be seen that the Lord hath sanctified this wilderness for his peculiar people. Woe unto them that would defile it! And first, for this flower-decked abomination, the altar of thy

worship!"

And with his keen sword, Endicott assaulted the hallowed may-pole. Nor long did it resist his arm. It groaned with a dismal sound; it showered leaves and rose-buds upon the remorseless enthusiast; and finally, with all its green boughs, and ribbons, and flowers, symbolic of departed pleasures, down fell the banner-staff of Merry Mount. As it sank, tradition says, the evening sky grew darker, and the woods threw forth a more sombre shadow.

"There," cried Endicott, looking triumphantly on his work. "there lies the only may-pole in New England! The thought is strong within me, that, by its fall, is shadowed forth the fate of light and idle mirth-makers, amongst us and our posterity. Amen, saith John Endicott!"

"Amen!" echoed his followers.

But the votaries of the may-pole gave one groan for their idol. At the sound, the Puritan leader glanced at the crew of Comus each a figure of broad mirth, yet, at this moment, strangely expressive of sorrow and dismay.

"Valiant captain," quoth Peter Palfrey, the Ancient of the

band, "what order shall be taken with the prisoners?"

"I thought not to repent me of cutting down a may-pole," replied Endicott, "yet now I could find in my heart to plant it again, and give each of these bestial pagans one other dance round their idol. It would have served rarely for a whipping-post!"

"But there are pine trees enow," suggested the lieutenant.

"True, good Ancient," said the leader. "Wherefore, bind the heathen crew, and bestow on them a small matter of stripes apiece, as earnest of our future justice. Set some of the rogues in the stocks to rest themselves, so soon as Providence shall bring us to one of our own well-ordered settlements, where such accommodations may be found. Further penalties, such as branding and cropping of ears, shall be thought of hereafter."

"How many stripes for the priest?" inquired Ancient Palfrey.

"None as yet," answered Endicott, bending his iron frown upon the culprit. "It must be for the Great and General Court to determine, whether stripes and long imprisonment, and other grievous penalty, may atone for his transgressions. Let him look to himself! For such as violate our civil order, it may be permitted us to show mercy. But woe to the wretch that troubleth our religion!"

"And this dancing bear," resumed the officer. "Must he

share the stripes of his fellows?"

"Shoot him through the head!" said the energetic Puritan.

"I suspect witchcraft in the beast."

"Here be a couple of shining ones," continued Peter Palfrey, pointing his weapon at the Lord and Lady of the May. "They seem to be of high station among these misdoers. Methinks their dignity will not be fitted with less than a double share of

stripes."

Endicott rested on his sword, and closely surveyed the dress and aspect of the hapless pair. There they stood, pale, down-cast, and apprehensive. Yet there was an air of mutual support, and of pure affection, seeking aid and giving it, that showed them to be man and wife, with the sanction of a priest upon their love. The youth, in the peril of the moment, had dropped his gilded staff, and thrown his arm about the Lady of the May, who leaned against his breast, too lightly to burthen him, but with weight enough to express that their destinies were linked together, for good or evil: They looked first at each

other, and they into the grim captain's face. There they stood, in the first hour of wedlock, while the idle pleasures, of which their companions were the emblems, had given place to tke sternest cares of life, personified by the dark Puritans. But never had their youthful beauty seemed so pure and high, as when its glow was chastened by adversity.

"Youth," said Endicott, "ye stand in an evil case, thou and thy maiden wife. Make ready presently; for I am minded that ye shall both have a token to remember your wedding-day!"

"Stern man," cried the May Lord, "how can I move thee? Were the means at hand, I would resist to the death. Being powerless, I entreat! Do with me as thou wilt; but let Edith go untouched!"

"Not so," replied the immitigable zealot. "We are not wont to show an idle courtesy to that sex which requireth the stricter discipline. What sayest thou, maid? Shall thy silken bridegroom suffer thy share of the penalty, besides his own?"

"Be it death," said Edith, "and lay it all on me!"

Truly, as Endicottt had said, the poor lovers stood in a woeful case. Their foes were triumphant, their friends captive and abased, their home desolate, the benighted wilderness around them, and a rigorous destiny, in the shape of the Puritan leader, their only guide. Yet the deepening twilight could not altogether conceal, that the iron man was softened; he smiled, at the fair spectacle of early love; he almost sighed, for the inevitable blight of early hopes.

"The troubles of life have come hastily on this young couple," observed Endicott. "We will see how they comport themselves under their present trials, ere we burthen them with greater. If, among the spoil, there be any garments of a more decent fashion, let them be put upon this May Lord and his Lady, instead of their glistening vanities. Look to it, some of you."

"And shall not the youth's hair be cut?" asked Peter Palfrey, looking with abhorrence at the lovelock and long glossy curls of the young man.

"Crop it forthwith, and that in the true pumpkin-shell fashion," answered the captain. "Then bring them along with us, but more gently than their fellows. There be qualities in the youth, which may make him valiant to fight, and sober to toil, and pious to pray; and in the maiden, that may fit her to become a mother in our Israel, bringing up babes in better nurture than her own hath been. Nor think ye, young ones, that they are the happiest, even in our lifetime of a moment, who misspend it in dancing round a may-pole!"

And Endicott, the severest Puritan of all who laid the rock-May, 1850,--vol. LVIII.-No. CCXXIX. foundation of New-England, lifted the wreath of roses from the may-pole, and threw it, with his own gauntleted hand, over the heads of lord and lady of the May. It was a deed of prophecy. As the moral gloom of the world overpowers all systematic gaiety, even so was their home of wild mirth made desolate amid the sad forest. They returned to it no more. But, as their flowery garland was wreathed of the brightest roses that had grown there, so, in the tie that united them, were intertwined all the purest and best of their early joys. They went heavenward, supporting each other along the difficult path which it was their lot to tread, and never wasted one regretful thought on the vanities of Merry Mount.

